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U N D E R H I S W I N G S

LEROY THORNBURG & HIS FAMILY

"I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings. Selah." Psalm 61:4

"He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust: His truth shall be thy shield and buckler." Psalm 91:4

Compiled by Audrey Thornburg Gordon

This book is dedicated to my father, Leroy Thornburg, in order to show, in a measure, the appreciation we children have for the wonderful Godly example he has set before us with a life which has been fully consecrated to God's service.

1355806

Praise the Lord, I'm bound for Glory,
Washed in Jesus' precious blood.
Day by day I'm more determined
As I walk the narrow road.
For I want to see my Jesus,
Praise Him for His love untold
And I would not want to miss it
For the wealth this world could hold.

I would be among the number
Who could show some battle scars.
Telling how they fought for Jesus
And received the crown and stars.
Though the world has been against them,
Yet to God they have been true.
And I want to hear them shouting
As in Glory they march through.

I would see those gates swing open
As the dead in Christ arise.
Their victorious Captain follow
As He leads them to the skies.
I would share the marriage supper
With the King around the throne.
Oh the rapture and reunion
As He bids us Welcome Home.

Precious thought to be with Jesus
Where is rest and joy complete.
Where no sin or sorrow enters
To disturb our love and peace.
Safe at Home with Him forever
Failings and temptations past.
Oh, I would not want to miss it
Or be cast away at last.

The above verses were found copied in Mama's own handwriting. They are reprinted in the hopes that they will be a blessing to all who chance to read this book, as they must have been to our mother.

Restor Thornburg - son of Isaac W. and Rhoda
b 3 24 1851 Randolph Co. Ind.
d 6 17 1934 Randolph Co. Ind.
buried at Jericho
m 12 31 1876 Randolph Co. Ind.

Annettie Cox - daughter of Simeon and Rosannah (Hiatt) Cox
b 7 1 1857 Randolph Co. Ind.
d 6 11 1943 Randolph Co. Ind.

Children of Restor and Annettie Thornburg:

Estes	b 10 29 1877	d 8 20 1878 bur. Jericho
Hosea	b 10 27 1878	d 8 18 1879 bur. Jericho
Lora	b 1 12 1880 Del. Co.	m Calvin Heiss 1875-1957
Rosannah	b 3 24 1882 " " d 12 1957	m Charles Spurgeon, 1920
Leroy C.	b 12 13 1883	m 9 12 1911 Lural Wright 1892-1932 m 6 8 1935 Marie Brown 1 13 1897
Elmina	b 3 21 1885	m 10 10 1903 Frank Austin
Alonzo	b 2 1 1887	m 12 24 1905 Goldie Prosser
India B.	b 6 30 1890	m 10 14 1911 Joseph Price
Harold	b 7 16 1892	m 12 31 1911 Bertha McGunnegill
Edith A.	b 2 21 1894 d 10 11 1926	m 9 18 1915 Randall Emmons
Orpha E.	b 12 30 1897	m 1920 Francis Ellis
Rhoda L.	b 1 23 1900	m 5 15 1919 Paul Welch

THORNBURG - Isaac Thornburg, son of Joab and Elizabeth (Holloway) Thornburg, was born in Clinton County, Ohio, December 4, 1822, and died at his home two miles south of Harrisville, June 11th, 1899, aged seventy-six years, six months and seven days.

He moved with his father's family from Clinton, Co., Ohio, in the year 1825 to this county and first settled about five miles south of Windsor, where he passed his boyhood days and received an education in the pioneer days of log school houses and paper windows of seventy years ago. His school books, like his school days, were few; but between his labor in deadening, clearing and hunting deer, bear and wild hog, he became a fair scholar for the times. Here in the forest home he began building that structure which everyone is building for themselves - called character.

He was the third child of a family of nine, all having preceded him except three, two brothers, Lilburn and Elisha, who live in Kansas, and a sister, Asineth Fletcher of Delaware Co.

He was married to Rhoda Lamb in the year 1843, fifth month and tenth day at the Cabin Creek Meetinghouse, now called the Cedar Church. He then settled on Cabin Creek at his chosen occupation, farming, where he built his cabin in the forests, when his household goods consisted of a bed, two knives and forks, two plates, a kettle and a crane. After three years they moved three miles south of Windsor, on what is now called the Snyder farm. After improving this place by clearing and building, they moved again in the year 1853, one mile south of Goodview, here they built their first frame house, which was considered very fine for those days. In 1866 he moved with his family two miles south of Harrisville, where he resided until his death. He was the father of 12 sons, namely, Jonathan, Joab, Restor, John, Thomas, Isaac, Lindley, Nathan, Joseph, George, and Rufus, all living, and Willie who died in infancy.

He leaves his eleven sons and their wives, forty grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Isaac was a faithful member of the Primitive Friends and enjoyed attending his church as long as his health would permit. All through his illness he bore his suffering with uncommon patience.

(by) Flora Pegg Thornburg

From the Journal, Winchester, Ind. June, 1899.

(The above obituary is taken from the book "The Thornburg Family in Randolph County" compiled by Willard Heiss and Harold Thornburg.)

Our story begins with the marriage of Restor Thornburg and Annettie Cox, in 1876, in Randolph Co., Indiana. After their marriage they lived in a house on the property of Annettie's parents, Simeon and Rosanna Cox. It was during the years they lived here that the two babies, Estes and Hosea were born and died. Wanting to farm on his own, Restor bought 41 acres in Delaware Co., Indiana, in February of 1879 and paid $1025.00 for the property. Their home was a one-room log cabin, in which the two older daughters, Lora and Rosannah were born. Restor was a thrifty farmer and made many improvements while living on this farm. He rebuilt the barn and set out an orchard, all of which enabled him to realize a nice profit when he sold the farm in 1882 for $1600.00

Restor and Annettie then bought 80 acres of land located on the south side of the Greenville Pike, where the gravel pit now is. A log house stood on this property near the spot where Restor in later years built a large barn and a double silo back of the barn. This house had a living room and two bedrooms and kitchen downstairs. The upstairs was one long room used as a bedroom. The snow would sift through the roof down on the

beds during the winter snow storms.. While living in this house, Leroy, Elmina and Alonzo were born..

Sometime between 1887 and 1890 Restor bought the piece of property across the road, on the north side of the Greenville Pike. There was a log house on this property, also. It was known to be very old as it had been used as a tavern for travelers for many years. The story goes that many wealthy travelers disappeared after staying there overnight, their money disappearing with them. Annettie and others of the family found very old coins years after, while working in the garden.

While living in this house, India Bell, Harold, Edith and Orpha were born.

When Restor's father passed away in 1899, Restor bought the home place and lived on it for a number of years. It was here that Rhoda was born. This farm was located about 2 miles north of the Greenville Pike. The house on this farm was built in 1860, of bricks that Isaac Thornburg and sons made and burned themselves. This house still stands and is in use today as a dwelling.

Restor and Annettie were Conservative Friends. Shortly after their marriage, friends came to their home and prayed with them and they were converted. They attended church faithfully intil they moved to their Deleware county home. In later years they attended the Conservative Friends church (Jericho) until their health prevented them from doing so. One of the vivid memories of my childhood is when I accompanied Grandfather and Grandmother to their (Quiet) services. Grandmother looked so neat in her plainly made gray dress, and little black bonnet. We would get into Grandfather's Ford sedan and ride slowly the 3 miles to

church, where the women would sit on one side of the room and the men on the other. We would remain this way, quietly, for perhaps one hour, or until one of the men felt the leading of the Spirit to pray, speak or close the meeting. These meetings were held on First Day (Sunday) and Fourth Day (Wednesday) at 10 A. M. Many attending at this time still. came to the services with horse and buggy.

Leroy Chester Thornburg was born December 13, 1883. During his second summer, after learning to walk, he became very ill with what at that time was called "Summer Complaint." He became so frail he seemed to be nothing but skin and bones. Two different doctors were called during this time and both finally were dismissed after doing all they knew to do and to no avail. They had told Restor and Annettie that there was nothing more to be done, that the baby could not possibly live long. In desperation, his parents decided to try giving him a few drops of mare's milk, there being one on the farm that had recently foaled. A few drops were given at first, and when it was found that he could retain this, the amount was gradually increased. He began to gain his strength steadily from that time. During this time he had forgotten how to walk so this had to be learned all over again.

Following are some of his earliest recollections while living in the log house on the south side of the road, given in his own words.

"I remember one Christmas when I was 5 years old, my parents gave me a pocket knife. It had only one blade and a wooden handle, and cost only 10¢. I was playing with it one day and noticed a knot hole in the wall and thought it would be interesting to investigate this hole with my pocket knife. I reached up and pushed the knife in as far as I could and before I knew it the knife slipped from my hand and fell in the wall. This was a bitter disappointment to me, and when, years later, this house was torn down, I was on hand and found my pocket knife where I had lost it.

" I never had owned any money except an occasional penny, so one day an idea came to me as to how I might own a dime and no one be the wiser. I went to a little red velvet purse with brass frame and fastener, where

my mother kept her money, and removed a dime. Father was plowing the garden and while we children were playing nearby I suddenly called out that I had found a dime. Of course all the other children were very envious of me and all came to look at the money I had found. My father came to look too, and noticed that the dime looked shiny and had no dirt sticking to it, so of course was suspicious at once. As soon as my mother heard about it, she looked in her purse, and knowing to the penny how much money she had, my guilt was evident to all. My father found a switch and "laid it on" until I had no further desire for the life of a theif.

"One summer my mother let me have a little piece of ground under a peach tree in our yard, for a garden. She gave me an onion to plant there and every day I would faithfully tend my garden by pulling the onion up to see how it was growing.

"By this time I was quite a husky lad and was quite often teased by the other children who said it was no wonder I was so strong, since I was raised on horse's milk.

One of the chores that fell to my lot as a child, was to carry a jug of drinking water out to the field where my father was working. One day while on my way to the field I saw a little minnow in a puddle of water. I wanted to keep it so badly, but had no way to carry it home. Finally the idea came to me that I could put it in the jug and then when I returned home I could empty it out and no one would be the wiser. After father had drunk his fill I took the jug home. In great anticipation I emptied the remaining water into a bucket, and to my surprise there was no fish. I will leave it to your imagination as to what happened to the minnow. I refrained from relating this experience to my father until I was sure I

was too old to be punished"

"When I was about 12 and Lon was 8, we had an experience that I would like to relate. Father sent Lon and me to the pasture to cut thistles and in this same pasture he kept a ram. This ram was very mean and used every opportunity to intimidate us. We spent so much time jumping up on a log to keep away from the ram that we weren't making much progress cutting thistles. Finally father told us that we were going to have to get some clubs and beat the ram until he left us alone or he, father, was going to give us a whipping. Trying to be brave we both hunted some sticks for clubs and when the ram came toward us we started to beat as hard as we could. Our attempts were rather feeble, and in the excitement we hadn't noticed that father had come up behind us with a big club and was beating the ram, also. He finally gave the ram such a hard whack that he took off in terror and of course we boys took after him, thinking we were really winning a battle. After that the ram let us alone, as he thought we were the ones responsible for his punishment. I often use this as an illustration in my sermons, bringing out that the Lord never asks us to do anything but that He is right beside us to see us through. Also, this incident is a good illustration of the strict discipline enforced in our home. Each of us children knew that when father spoke we had better do as we were told. Though father may not have been able to quote this scripture, I feel that it was his belief. "He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." Proverbs 13:24. When I was small I naturally resented this punishment and vowed that when I got older I would get even with father. But after I became a Christian my view-

point changed and I have often said that I realized that I didn't receive any more whippings than I had deserved, and as a result I have always had the highest respect for my father.

"Until I was about 8 or 9 years old I never attended church services except for an occasional funeral with my parents. As I was frightened and cried so hard at the funeral services my parents soon gave up taking me and would leave me with relatives. During my 8th or 9th year I began to walk about one-half mile to services held in a schoolhouse. I would go in my old every-day straw hat and barefoot. About my 10th year I began to walk 3 miles to Jericho to church. As we children walked along the road other children would join us until by the time we arrived, there was quite a group. We would pick and eat berries along the road as we went and more often than not by the time we reached church our faces would be stained with berry juice. A few years later I drove a one-seated surrey (with the top but without any "fringe") to church, picking up anyone along the road who was willing to go. I soon had it so full I had to ride on the back axle and drive with the reins over the heads of the passengers.

"During revival services held at Jericho in 1901, five of my brothers and sisters and I were converted. I was 18 years old at this time. Occasionally Rosannah and I would attend the Conservative Church across the road to please our parents. The Progressive Church we attended was a division from the Conservative, set up years before as a result of a disagreement over having music in the church. My parents attended the Conservative Church as long as their health permitted.

"During the next year after my conversion I was sanctified in a little country church called Martindale, under the ministry of my Uncle

Levi Cox. When I was 19, I heard of an excursion trip being planned for those who wanted to attend the Camp Meeting Revival being held at God's Bible School, Cincinnatti, Ohio. My cousin, Walter Hinshaw, a friend, Tommy Pike, and I wanted to attend and could talk of nothing else. The other boys' parents said that they would give their consent for them to go if Restor would let Leroy go. They were very sure they would be safe in giving their permission in this way, for they were certain my father would never consent to let me go. This proved to be the case when the subject was presented to him. My sister, India, and I spent much time in prayer, especially on the night before the excursion was to start. We prayed that if the Lord wanted me to go, He would awaken me at one o'clock in the morning. Surely enough, at one o'clock I awoke. I took my Bible and went downstairs and sat down to read. It wasn't long until Father awoke and came in the room where I sat. He asked me why I didn't go to bed. I told him about my asking God to awaken me if He wanted me to go to the revival. He said, "Why they'll kill you for a quarter in Cincinnatti." I replied that I would just as soon go to heaven from Cincinnatti as from any place else. At this point he could hardly refuse, so he said if I would take all responsibility, I could go. I contacted the other boys, whose parents no doubt were a bit surprised. We rode a bicycle to Winchester, hid the bicycle behind a store building, and joined the excursion for Cincinnatti. We arrived at our destination safely, but in the hustle and bustle of the crowds about us, discovered that we were separated from the others in our group. Not knowing which way to go, we stood on a street corner while trying to decide on our next move. A group of people soon approached us and to our surprise one of them said, "You boys look as if you were going to Camp

Meeting. Would you like to go along with us?" Needless to say we were very happy to accept. They shared their lunch with us and saw us safely to the Camp Grounds. It was during lunch that I had the privilege of meeting Mrs. C.E. Cowman who wrote, "Streams in the Desert."

"Also, sometime during this period I had an experience which shows how eager I was to attend religious services. One night I had planned to attend a service with my friend, Tommy Pike. This meeting was to be held at Cherry Grove, about 14 miles away. Father was very late getting home from a trip to town and Mother said I could not leave until he had returned. It seemed he would never come. When he finally did arrive home, it was very late, but I was determined to go anyway, so hurried over to my friends house, where I was told that he had already gone ahead with the horse and buggy. Thinking that I would be able to make the return trip with Tommy in his buggy, I began to run on my way. I cut across fields and at one place tore my clothes while crossing a fence. By the time I reached the place of meeting my clothes were soaked with sweat, and the services had already commenced. When it came time for the prayer service my legs were so cramped I found I could not get into a kneeling position. After the service I discovered that Tommy had not come after all, so I had the biggest part of that same distance to cover in walking back home.

"During my 21st year, sister Rosannah and I, with other Christian young people in our community started a Sunday School in a school house about three or four miles away. After a short time we bought some wall kerosene lamps with tin reflectors and hung them up, furnishing the oil, so that we could have services at night. These lamps cost us 25¢ apiece.

At one of the services I preached my first sermon. Though many people discouraged us, we continued this work and eventually the community bought the school house and organized a Friends Church there. It is still occupied by the Friends today and is knows as Peaceful Valley.

"In 1906 I decided to go to Cleveland Bible Training School. I sold a colt for $60.00 which paid my expenses for the winter term. Levi Johnson attended school there the same year. While there I met Frank Smith, a student from Oklahoma. After our term at school was over we decided to go to Oklahoma to hold revival meetings. We were in evangelistic work there for about two months. It was during this time that I wrote my first letter to Lural Wright. She was 16 years old at this time. I had seen her at camp meetings in Indiana at various times but had never been able to meet her. I was much impressed with her as she was a fine pianist and singer and very capably gave her services to the work of the Lord in the camp meeting services. I wrote and asked her if she would like to correspond with me at this time, and told her that if she did not care to do so, to just throw the letter away. She, with her mother's consent, answered my letter.

"After this time of evangelistic work I accepted a call from Clarkson Hinshaw, Superintendent of Kansas Yearly Meeting at that time, to go to Timbered Hills, Spring River Quarterly Meeting, as pastor. I was pastor here for one year, then was pastor of both Timbered Hills and Fairview one year. The next year I served as pastor at Fairview. During the three years spent in this Quarterly Meeting I made a trip each year to Indiana to visit Lural Wright. At the close of my last year at Fairview, I returned to Indiana and Lural and I were married. This was

in September of 1911. My Uncle Levi Cox performed the ceremony in his home. From there we went as pastors to the Bethel Friends Church in what is now known as Cherokee Quarterly Meeting. After selling my horses in Indiana I had enough money to buy the furniture for our new home. This was bought in Wichita and shipped to us. During the first year of our pastorate here, my cousin Homer Cox, and wife Blanche, made their home with us while carrying on evangelistic work in Kansas Yearly Meeting. I have many happy memories of the good times we two young married couples had together during this year. On March 17, 1913, our first child, Lowell Wright, was born. One of the women of the church helped to take care of Lural and the baby at this time.

"Before leaving our pastorate here, one highlight of our stay was the visit of Mrs. Edna Chilson and two small daughters, Esther and Rachel. They gave us a very vivid picture of heathen conditions as they had experienced them during their term as missionaries in Africa. Lowell was very impressed with their description of the natives and how little clothing they wore.

"In the fall of 1915 we sold our furniture and took the train for California, in order to attend Huntington Park Bible Training School. Among others going at the same time were Fred and Mamie Newkirk and son Raymond, and Mina Coppock. During our first year there, Lural's parents, John and Arbelia Wright lived with us and had the care of Lowell while we were in school. Lowell literally led his grandmother a merry chase. At times she was forced to tie him to a tree in the yard in order to prevent him from running away, One day a neighbor lady came to our house and wanted to know if we knew that our little boy was out in the yard without a stitch of clothing on. Of course we were unaware of this situation and after bringing him in and dressing him, we inquired why he

had decided to embarass us in this way. His answer was simple and honest. "I was trying to play heathen," he told us. After one year with us, Lural's parents returned to their home in Indiana and my sisters, Edith and India and their husbands came to California to go to school. We three families lived together in a three bedroom house.

"On January 14, 1917, Audrey Pauline was born. In May previous to this Lural had had to be operated on for appendicitis. All of these "complications" caused her to drop her outside activities. Up to that time she had been teaching music in the school and taking a course in harmony, hoping to graduate.

"When Audrey was about six months old, in June of 1917, we accepted a call to go as pastors to the Friends Church at Stafford, Kansas. We went at this time to fill out the unexpired term of the former pastor, Abel Bond, who had gone to set up the church now known as West Glendale. It was while we were living here that I purchased my first car, a one-seated Ford coupe. I bought a speedometer and put it in the car. One day I took Lowell for a ride and when we got on the open road I stepped on the gas to see how fast the car would go. Lowell watched the speedometer with awe and when it registered 30 miles per hour he said to me, "Daddy, I'm sure glad Mama isn't with us: she wouldn't let us go this fast."

"It was probably in a Sunday School class while we lived at Stafford that Lowell furnished some amusement for his Sunday School teacher. Sometime during the class period his teacher called on each one of the pupils to recite some Bible verse that they had learned. Lowell held up his hand and said that he knew one. Much to the astonishment of the teacher

he proudly recited:

"Mary had a little lamb,
She put it on a shelf.
Every time it wagged its tail
It spanked its little self."

"In the fall of 1917 we moved to Fowler, Kansas, to take up pastoral work in the Friends Church there. After one year of work here, in September of 1918, we accepted a call as pastors to the Pleasant Plain church near Byers, Kansas. At this time there was no parsonage, so we made our home in a house two and one-half miles from the church. Within a few months the people there started work on a new parsonage, which is still in use today. It was here that Hubert Laverne was born on June 20, 1921. During our first year at Pleasant Plain the great flu epidemic of 1918 struck the country. All of our family were in bed with the flu except Lural who was never so sick but that she was able to care for the rest of us. While we were suffering with this illness we would cough so hard and so much that it caused our noses to bleed. After we were able to be up and on our feet, Lural and I left the children with our nearest neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Randall, and spent a week or two caring for some of the neighbors who were unable to get help of any kind. We were not even permitted to be with our children on Christmas that year as we felt we were so badly needed by others. So many people died and the winter was so bad that it was difficult to get caskets from town and get the graves dug in order to have a burial.

The following paragraph was contributed by Lora Heiss, Daddy's older sister, now 82 years old. She lives with her son, Willard, in Indianapolis, Indiana.

"As I remember, brother Roy was great for pets. About his first were some baby mice he kept on a bit of cotton in a match box. Of course they died. Then there was a half-grown woodpecker that made the house such a mess that I opened the door and shoved it out, to his great sorrow. Then the last was an opossum he and brother Lon proudly brought home and put in a box with a board over the top. Father ordered it taken outdoors and turned loose, which they postponed doing. Father went to bed early and did not wait to see his orders obeyed. In the silence of night the opossum's sharp nose raised the board and he crept out. Upon investigation he found a nice window curtain to climb. This took him past a clock so he started to climb the high clock on the high shelf, and down came opossum, clock and all. The clatter brought father out of his bed and he promptly saw to it that the opossum was put out of doors. It seems there was a session in the woodshed! That was a long time ago."

Lora Thornburg Heiss

The following was contributed by India Thornburg Price, another sister of Daddy's. Time and space did not permit me to get a contribution from each of the living brothers and sisters, so these two will have to suffice.

"I always think of Leroy as a big brother looking out for me, since he was ny oldest brother. Another brother was just two years older and my baby brother was two years younger than I. If I played out at all, I was due to play with my big brother. We all liked pets. Leroy was the one that usually brought them in. One time he was able to get four very small opossums. He gave my two brothers and myself each one and kept one for himself. We had so much fun roaming the corn fields getting grasshoppers and insects for them to feed upon. One day we were in the edge of our field by the road. A man and his wife came driving by in a buggy. The lady said to her husband, "Oh, see those white rats!" It amused us very much for her to think we had rats in our hands. Our opossums kept growing, and one day Leroy found some baby quail in a nest, (after my father had mowed the hay from over them) and took them to the house. Toward evening he decided to put them in with the opossums to keep them warm. The next morning he looked in vain for his little quail, but until this day he has never found them. His opossum was hungry.

One day he found a squirrel's nest with a little one in it and brought it home for a pet. The way I remember, it did not have its eyes open yet. He fed it with a medicine dropper or something of that sort until it was old enough to eat other things. It was doing fine and would climb all over him and go into his pockets for nuts, sit up on his shoulders to eat them. Earlier in the spring we had gone to my Grandfather Cox's. On

our way home we stopped at an elderly couple's home to visit. They gave my baby sister, Edith, a very beautiful black and white spotted kitten. My mother would allow it to be in the house part of the time for her to play with. But too soon the kitten grew into a cat. One beautiful autumn day we came home from school for lunch. Of course, my big brother could run faster than I could, so by the time I arrived he was standing at the window crying like his "teen-age" heart would break. I couldn't imagine what awful calamity had happened to him in such a short time, until I heard him say between sobs, "I'll kill that cat, I will, I'll kill it. It ate my pet squirrel and I will kill it." But the cat was never killed for after his sudden shock of grief, he realized that it was perfectly natural for a cat to feast on dainties of that sort. He loved the cat, too.

My father always kept sheep and often there would be a lamb we could have for a pet. I had one of these and it was very nice, but didn't live to be grown. My brother tanned its hide for me and I had a nice rug. I always knelt on it to pray during my private prayers in my bedroom. I was very grateful for the many kindnesses he did for me.

We enjoyed the many walks we had going to and from our home (which was two miles from our church) to mid-week meeting on Thursday. He would stop his work and at 10:30 we would start walking off. If it was raining or the sun was boiling down, (which it often was) we would carry an umbrella. At 11 o'clock the meeting started. There was no minister. We all went to worship God and we took whatever part the Spirit laid on our hearts to do. How the Lord did bless us, and our souls were fed. The roads were not nearly so hot and dusty on the way

back. How good our Heavenly Father is, and how He cares for His own. Oh, what would I give for just one more chance to walk the dusty hot road and to sit down together in the church that was so dear to our hearts. But that will never be. Time cannot turn back, just the memories are all we have. Leroy and I always had our worship together, where we poured our hearts out to the Lord, and He never failed to help us along our way. Our cousin, Homer Cox, would come often which was a great encouragement to us. Also, Lee Thornburg. Their spirit-filled songs were inspiring and a great strength to us. We never started in, to give up. I wonder if we will ever pray together again in this world. If not, I am looking for a grand reunion after a while where there will be no snow drifts to wade through, no hot dusty miles to travel to worship, but streets of pure gold. Thanks for a big brother to help on the way.

India Thornburg Price,

Robbins, North Carolina

TRIBUTES TO FATHER

We bring today our tributes dear,
On our father we bestow it.
Of all the men on land or sea,
To no other the more we owe it.

Father, to labor, love and pay,
Father, who thought not of self alone.
My tribute at his feet I lay,
For giving me a happy home.

Honor thy father, the scripture says,
He who in youth relieved our fears.
Then give him honor, care and love,
And God shall give thee length of years.

With each fleeting busy year,
I hold my father still more dear.
With love increasing and sincere
My father I will e'er revere.

"Tis Father who sweats for our daily bread,
"Tis he who wears the "britches."
Much reason, with respect I bow my head,
I still remember green switches.

Written by Leroy Thornburg. The original copy of these verses was found among some notes on a Father's Day sermon Daddy prepared and gave while pastor at Pleasant Plain during the years 1918-1922.

II

The previous chapter has been written as told to me (Audrey) by my father. Since my earliest recollections begin with our residence in the new parsonage at Pleasant Plain, I will relate the following incidents in my own words.

Perhaps the most outstanding incident that comes to my mind in connection with life at Pleasant Plain is the one concerning myself and the syrup. Daddy, Mamma and we children had just returned from a trip to Byers for groceries. It was nearly noon, so Mama hurried to get us a bite to eat. Having just bought a gallon bucket of syrup, Mama had opened it and spooned some out in a pitcher for us to have for our noon meal. Being in a hurry, I suppose, she failed to put the lid back on the bucket and left it sitting near the edge of the kitchen cabinet. This was a combination of circumstances that was my undoing. Out of curiosity I stood on tip-toes, (I was possibly 3 years old) and hooked my fingers over the edge of the bucket and gave a pull. I can very distinctly remember my feeling of dismay as the entire bucket of syrup poured out over the top of my head, into my eyes, mouth, and nose. I began to cry, but found that was not so easy to do as I could barely get my breath. By this time the syrup had reached my feet and was on the floor. I tried to walk and found that it was difficult to keep on my feet. I remember Mama's horror when she realized the terrible undertaking she faced in trying to wash all the syrup from me and my surroundings. In repeating the incident to others, she would say, "I had to wash Audrey's hair every day for a week before all traces of the syrup were gone."

Lowell started to school while we were living at Pleasant Plain, first going to a small country school, then later by bus to school in Byers. I was rather small to remember details, but if my memory serves me right, I heard some mention during those days of a spanking or two administered by Lowell's teacher, where it would do the most good. I know he was a mischevious boy as the following incident will prove. Daddy would sometimes have to be away for several days and nights attending Yearly Meeting, Pastor's Alliance, or revival meetings. Since we children were all rather small, Mama of a necessity had to remain at home most of the time. One night while Daddy was gone, Mama had put us all to bed and we were supposedly sound asleep. After a time she came and sat on the side of her bed and began taking her shoes and stockings off. Suddenly, to her horror, she felt two hands reach from under the bed and grab her by the ankles. I don't remember that she screamed, but the next thing I saw was a little boy sitting by her side, being very severely scolded for his thoughtlessness.

Another incident which occurred during our years here might be of interest to the younger generation. This was the wreck between our Model T touring Ford and a team of horses and wagon. Lowell and I were small, possibly eight and four years old, respectively. Hubert was perhaps 7 or 8 months old. We had started to Haviland to hear a message that was to be given by Evangeline Reams, who at that time operated a Rescue Home for Girls in Ohio. We started about dusk on a chilly winter night. By the time we got to Wellsford it was dark. Daddy knew the road well, and at one place drove over on the wrong side to miss a bad mud hole. As he drove back he met a man and woman riding in a wagon pulled by a team of horses. His horse next to the car hit our windshield and broke it out and mashed the radiator against the headlight.

This held the horse's ankle fast but his right foot was free and with it he pounded the fender. Lowell and I were bundled up in Daddy's old horsehair coat on the back seat of the car, completely covered. My first knowledge of disaster was a big thump and then the car stopped. Almost at the same time we heard a crash of glass and then everything was still except for a constant thump, thump, thump. The next thing I knew I was in Daddy's arms and he had lifted me out of the car and put me by the side of the road away from the wreck. From this point I could see what was making the thumping noise. Hubert and Mama seemed to be in fine shape. Of course Hubert was well wrapped in blankets which protected him. There were slivers of glass on the fur coat in which Lowell and I had been wrapped, but we were well protected and not harmed in any way. The impact threw the man and woman out of the wagon. He found he had a coupling pole broken. Daddy had blood running down his tie. He heard the man swearing and ran over to him and asked him if he was hurt. From the light of the car the man could see the blood on Daddy, so told him he looked as if he was the one that was hurt. He charged Daddy $2.00 for damages and Daddy gave him a check for $4.00. We went on to Haviland. It cost Daddy $50.00 to get a radiator and repairs that were needed. Daddy went to a doctor there to see about getting a piece of glass out of his eye. He looked and looked and couldn't find any, so Daddy took a little mirror out of his pocket and took out the piece of glass himself and then showed it to the doctor. The doctor put a little tape on some of Daddy's cuts then charged him $1.00. Daddy thought Mama could have taped the small cuts up cheaper than that. The irony of it all was that the service by Evangeline Reams had been called off.

Daddy and Mama remained as pastors of the Pleasant Plain Church from September of 1918 until September, 1922, when they accepted a call as pastors of the Bethel Friends Church, Hugoton, Kansas. I remember very well the trip to our new home at Bethel. We children had sorted out the possessions we just couldn't throw away, and everything was loaded into the Model T. After we moved Lowell and I started to school in a little country school called "Sugar Plain." This was a two-room school with a middle partition which could be raised to make the school into one big room whenever more space was needed for school programs or community gatherings.

Soon after we moved into the parsonage a telephone was installed. As so many of the people of the community had no telephone or car, Daddy was called upon almost any time night or day to take people to the doctor or run an errand of some kind. I remember the day a young man of our neighborhood came riding up to our house on his horse and excitedly asked Daddy to hurry over to their house and take his brother to the hospital as he had burst a blood vessel in his nose. Another time our nearest neighbor called us on the phone and asked Daddy to bring his car and take one of the youngest daughters to the doctor as she had found a can of kerosene and they didn't know how much she had drunk. Daddy hurried as fast as he could and when he reached their house they asked him to wait, as they wanted to change the little girl's dress before she went. On the way to town the little girl "lost" the kerosene, so all was well with her, if not with the car.

On February 16, 1923, Herschel Leland was born. I remember my unhappiness when I awoke that morning and tried to find Mama to get her to button the back of my dress. Daddy told me that Mama couldn't help

because she was in bed and that I could come and see my little new baby brother.

This community was made up of many,wonderful, friendly people. Our near neighbors to the south were Jake and Edna Kinser, who had three daughters, one of whom was near my age. Our neighbors to the north was the John McNutt family. They had a large family with children near the age of Lowell and myself. Many times I have run the distance between these two homes and ours, with permission from Mama to play for one hour, and woe unto me if I didn*t return when the hour was up. When I say run to the neighbors, I mean really run, especially in the summer time. Most of the time I would be barefoot, and if you have ever tried to "walk" barefoot one quarter-mile through scorching hot sand, you know what I mean.

Hubert would many times give us many anxious minutes. Our parsonage adjoined a large pasture, which was well sprinkled with "yucca plants or soap weeds" as they were called locally. Hubert loved to slip out behind the chicken house and hide behind one of these weeds and listen to Mama call frantically for him, watching her all the time from his hiding place. It was especially nerve-wracking for her as there were many rattlesnakes found in that area from time to time. Our water was all obtained by means of a windmill, and as there was apt to be a day now and then when the wind might not blow, we had to keep a barrel or two of water in reserve. One day we missed Hubert, and remembered that we had not heard from him for some time. We went outside and began to call for him. We could hear his voice but it seemed to come from a distance. Eventually Mama looked towards one of the barrels and there he hung, over the side of one, balancing on his stomach, one arm in the barrel, his hand holding a little bucket which he had tried to fill from the barrel. A few minutes more and he would have been in the

barrel, headfirst.

It was while living here that I remember the first "surprise" given to the pastor and family. After the first year we began to be able to "catch on" and almost know when these surprises were coming. We could perhaps see a few flickering car lights where the people were gathering together some little way from the church so that they might all come in together. If our suspicions were correct, it was an exciting moment waiting for the affair to begin. Almost out of a clear sky, it seemed, everyone was at our front door. Since this particular parsonage was small the people would march through the house and across the road to the church basement, leaving their gifts as they came through. What an exciting time looking through all these gifts. They consisted mostly of food, which was greatly appreciated, as times were hard and a salary of $300.00 (pledged but not always paid on time) was not much for a family of 6. There would be boxes of canned vegetables, lard, meat, potatoes, sugar and almost anything the average family could use. After the crowd had made their way through the house everyone would go to the church basement for some games, visiting, and gallons and gallons of homemade ice cream. I can taste it yet! Those dear people will never know what a wonderful impression they left on my mind as a 7 year-old girl.

The church at Bethel will always have a warm place in my memory. (However, the church we knew during those years has since been destroyed by fire and another one built) It was during our last year here that I gave my heart to Jesus as a little girl of 7 years. It was on Easter S Sunday and Daddy was bringing the Easter message. I don't remember the words of the message, but the realization came to me for the first time, that I needed to ask Jesus to come into my heart. I don't know that an invitation was given to come forward, but knowing that my Mother and Father were there, and knowing that they would be glad to pray

with me, I went and knelt at the altar. God so wonderfully met my need that I have never forgotten it from that day to this. I was so happy that I wanted everyone else that did not know Him to find Jesus as I had. I'm afraid I almost made a nuisance of myself as at every opportunity, during the close of a service, I would go to others and ask them to give their hearts to God. Perhaps it is too bad that as we grow older we lose some of this fearlessness, courage, and willingness to witness to others, that we had as a child.

One of the highlights of my childhood during this time was the yearly trips made to Indiana to visit our relatives there. There were many days of preparation which was quite necessary with a family of small children. As there were no motels in those days, as we know them now, we went prepared to cook our own meals along the way. The Model T was loaded with food, bedding, cots, tent, a one-burner coal-oil stove, clothing and finally us children. Lowell and I would sit in the back seat which was piled high with comforters to be used as bedding. The tent, suitcases and many other things were loaded into metal racks which were clamped to the running boards. I remember one great decision that had to be made before we left on our trip the summer Herschel was about a year and a half old. Mama had allowed his hair to grow long, as it was such a beautiful yellow and so curly. It hung in long curls around his neck. This summer Mama realized how badly the wind would blow those curls once the Ford got up speed (perhaps 35 miles an hour) so it was decided that they must be cut off. Perhaps I should have saved one of those curls as proof of my story.

We usually started on our trip as early as we could on Monday morning. We could travel perhaps 200 miles per day if we did not have any flats, detours, or too many steep hills to climb. We always baked cookies, cake or such for our meals the first day at least. Our lunches were eaten while

riding. Daddy would buy some meat and a loaf of bread (unsliced, then, of course) and Mama would struggle with a butcher knife, bread and butter, lettuce and meat, making us sandwiches, and trying her best to get us filled. One year we had some nice frying size roosters, so Daddy hung a chicken coop on the back corner of the car and filled it with chickens. Fairly early in the evening we would start looking for a suitable camping spot. If we were lucky we would find a camp ground that had a sort of pavillion with tables, benches and stoves (or brick ovens) all under one roof. As soon as we had stopped, Daddy would get the bucket he had brought for this purpose, and draw the hot water from the radiator. Off would come the rooster's head and before long Mama would have it cut up and frying for our supper. Quite often others would be camping on the same grounds, and a pleasant evening would be spent, the older folks visiting and all the children getting acquainted and finding new friends. As soon as possible Daddy and Lowell would put up the tent. One side of it was thrown over the car and tied there. The other side was fastened to the ground with wooden pegs. The smaller children usually slept on the car seats. Camp cots were made up for the rest of the family. One night the only place we could find to camp was on the bank near a stream. This year Herschel was the baby and Mama had taken along a folding buggy for him to sleep in. She was quite uneasy about letting us play along this stream and was worried for fear one of us might fall in. During the night she awakened and thought about the danger if one of us should happen to get up and wander out of the tent. She reached over to the buggy to reassure herself that Herschel was there, and to her horror she couldn't find him. It was dark, so she called Daddy and asked him to get the flashlight and help her find the baby. Daddy, not being so easily excited, took the flashlight and looked into the buggy. To their joy, Herschel was safe,

having, in his sleep, slid to the foot of the buggy and out of Mama's reach from where she slept on the cot.

It was always exciting when we started on one of these trips, but it wasn't long before we children were a little weary of it all. We would often become quite quarrelsome and Daddy would have to bring the car to a halt by the side of the road and "straighten us out." At other times we would all become sleepy and one by one drop off to sleep until Daddy was the only one awake. He lamented the fact that as soon as he concluded that he too would take a nap, and had pulled to a stop by the side of the road, we would all sit up and want to know why he was stopping. Then, of course, we were so noisy there was no use for him to try to sleep, so he would drive on again.

The highways were more often than not quite rough and hilly, and sometimes the old Ford would have difficulty making its way up the steep hills. At these times, it was Lowell's job to get out and find a big rock (which wasn't usually very hard to do) and as soon as Daddy was able to make a little progress up the hill, Lowell was to put the rock behind the back wheel until Daddy could get a fresh start. At that time there were no concrete highways, and if the roads were under construction, we had many disagreeable miles of detour to travel. Most of the main highways were marked by signs painted on the poles along the road.

If all went well we would usually be driving up to our Grandpa Thornburg's big stone house by Saturday evening, ready for a cup of ice cold milk (which Grandma always had in the ice box in big aluminum pitchers), a slice of cheese or a banana or two. These were usually available as Grandpa didn't do things by halves. When he bought cheese he bought a "whole cheese" and if he bought bananas it was usually a whole stalk at a time. We children knew where he kept the stalk of bananas hanging, and

though it might be a temptation, I never knew any of us to get a banana unless we first asked Grandmother and had her go along with us to help cut it from the stalk. Other foods I always think of when I think of Grandmother Thornburg are the biscuits she baked every morning of the world and the wonderful molasses cookies she always had on hand for all the grandchildren.

Many happy days were spent visiting with our cousins, aunts, and uncles. We usually managed to plan our visit so that we could be present for the Thornburg reunion which was quite a big affair held at Grandpa Thornburg's home. This reunion is still being held every year.

As soon as we were rested from our long trip and had been brought up to date on the latest about the Thornburg's, we went to spend a few days with our Grandpa and Grandma Wright. They lived on a farm near Farmland, Indiana, which was within easy driving distance, even in the days of the Model T. My early memories of my Grandmother aren't too clear as she passed away when I was about 8 years old. Some time before this she had broken her hip and as a consequence was confined to a wheel chair. This chair was fascinating to me as it was one that my Grandfather made from an old dining room chair by putting rollers on it. One thing I do remember very well was the time spent sitting in front of Grandma's chair and eating apple she would scrape with a dull kitchen knife. I do not know how this idea originated, but it certainly was a treat for me. I can still remember how good it tasted.

On the road near their home was a covered bridge. This was always a favorite spot to visit. There is no other sound quite like the wheels of a wagon or buggy going through a covered bridge.

During our visit I would wait anxiously for Grandpa to ask me to go to Farmland with him in the buggy to get groceries. I suppose he also took cream to town to sell, as I remember standing by and watching him run the milk

through the separator each day, morning and evening. The sound of the horse's hooves hitting the street still remains in my memory. That was a leisurely, enjoyable trip, to town and back. I'm sure we would be very impatient if we had to go so slowly today.

I could hardly wait to make a visit to my Aunt Blanche's and Uncle Taylor's house. They lived a short distance from Grandpa's place, and I could run there in a few minutes. I always hoped Aunt Blanche would ask me to stay for a meal all by myself, which she quite often did. I loved her cooking and baking, and also enjoyed the stay for another reason. About this time I had an especial fondness for brown sugar, just plain brown sugar, in lumps or from a spoon. Mama would not let me have it in very large quantitites, but Aunt Blanche knew of my weakness and let me get a spoon and take out as much as I wanted to eat. (Quite often brown sugar was kept in a bowl on the table, as well as white sugar.)

Aunt Blanche's children were all much older than I so I endured (or perhaps enjoyed) the teasing by any of the older boys who happened to be at home during this time. I loved and very much admired my cousin, Mary, perhaps partly because we had one thing in common, the distinction of being the only daughters in the family. I remember how fascinated I was when I first became aware of the fact that Mary had a "beau." I was much impressed with the beautiful dresser set he had given her and other gifts which I thought were just "out of this world." This was something new to me and I decided that it must be just wonderful to have a "beau". Later, Mary married this beau and they invited me to visit with them for a week while we were living near Moorcsville, Indiana. I felt very grown up being allowed to make a visit of that length by myself. They showed me such a good time that I think I rather wished I could have stayed with them longer, instead of going home. I have continued to enjoy the companionship of

Cousin Mary (mostly by mail) down through the years since that time.

Altogether, there are too many wonderful memories of days spent with these relatives to ever be able to relate them all. Lowell always rushed to the first fishing spot within hiking distance. I don't remember any big fish dinners as a result, but I know he has many happy memories, also.

We lived in this community of Bethel, near Hugoton, Kansas, for four years. Mama's health was becoming very poor. The wind, sand, and dry weather did not seem to agree with her very well. The doctor advised Daddy to take her to another part of the country. Daddy wrote to the Yearly Meeting Superintendent of Western Yearly Meeting, Indiana, and asked if there might be an opening for him there. The Yearly Meeting Superintendent, Richard Newby, replied that the two country churches, Bethel and Hazelwood, were looking for a pastor. These two churches were 12 miles apart and were being served by the same pastor. After receiving a call, we sold our furniture and moved to Indiana in the fall of 1925. This was quite a move, but we children loved the country there; the green grass on our big lawn in the summer time and the snow-covered hills on which to slide our sleds in the winter time. Lowell and I rode the big yellow school bus to attend the consolidated school in Mooresville. This was quite different from Sugar Plain. It took a little while for me to become adjusted to the change. At this time I was in the fourth grade. Lowell was in the sixth grade and was quite a trial to his teachers at times, I'm afraid. He liked to trap for animals in the winter time, to make a little spending money. Quite often he would leave home early in the morning and look at his traps along the road and then catch the school bus a little farther along the way. One morning he found a skunk in one of his traps. After his encounter with the skunk, he was pretty well perfumed, but got on the bus as usual and went on to

school. As soon as he went into his room his teacher sized up the situation and instructed him to take some of his books and go to the boiler room to do his studying for the rest of the day.

On July 31, 1926, Paul Eugene was born. Mama had told me that we were to have a new member in the family, and I had helped her sew some little nightgowns and hem diapers and blankets. Naturally, I hoped it would be a little girl as I wanted a sister so badly. Mama also said that she had picked a name if it should be a girl. The name she had chosen was Glada May. I thought it was a fine name and could already see myself holding my little sister, Glada May. Then one rainy morning in July Daddy told Hubert, Herschel and me that our neighbors, Oscar and Hannah Fields, would like to have us spend the day with them. He took us there in the car and left us. It was a dark and dreary day, and we were rather lonely as there were no other children there to play with. Then about dark Daddy called the Fields and told them to tell us that there was a new baby at our house. Hannah suggested that since they would be driving into Mooresville a little later in the evening, they would bring us home at that time. On their way to town they came in with us children to see the new baby. I walked into the bedroom where Mama was and went up to the bed and said, "Is it a girl?" Mama said, "No." I turned and without a word walked out of the room and asked to go on to town with the Fields, and stay all night with them.They agreed. The next day they took me home again. I remember that after I looked at the baby, I decided to accept him after all. He looked pretty sweet. That day Mama and Daddy called us all into the bedroom and said that we could all help them pick out a name for the baby. Mama wanted it to be a Bible name, and we all agreed to that. Someone suggested Daniel, but Mama said that he would always be called Danny. Then someone suggested the name Paul, and someone else thought of Eugene, and the two names seemed to go together and sound just

right to all of us. I came to love my little brother very much and spent hours rocking him and singing to him.

When Paul was five months old, he became sick with the whooping cough. He was very ill, and someone had to be with him at all times for several weeks to be sure he did not choke during a coughing spell. During the weeks after he seemed to recover from this he became very poorly and couldn't seem to gain as he should. The folks tried various kinds of milk and formulas, but none seemed to be just what he needed. About this time someone suggested they try giving him goat's milk. This they did and he began to improve and in a few months became fat and healthy.

In September of 1927, Daddy and Mama accepted a call to go to Citrus Heights Friends Church, near Roseville, California. They crated some furniture to ship and sold the remaining pieces at a public sale. We loaded our personal needs in our Ford sedan and started on the long trip to California. Daddy realized that we were not going to be able to make the trip in the car in time for him to bring the message the first Sunday. When we reached Salt Lake City, Mama, Hubert, Herschel, Paul and I took the train for the rest of the trip so that Mama could take Daddy's place in the pulpit. Daddy and Lowell drove on in the car. Mama and I and the boys reached Roseville late Saturday night, and not long after one of the members of the church had picked us up there we found that they had already made arrangements for someone to preach the message the following morning. Mama never told them, then, why we had come on ahead.

We had a lovely home in California, though it was almost too small for all our family. We even had a bathroom! There was an electric range and built-in cupboards in the kitchen. There was a modern breakfast nook, a table with built-in benches on each side. We had a built-in ironing board and electric iron to go with it, a nice basement and soon a new electric

washing machine. This was all so new and wonderful to us, after having always lived in the country where we had no electricity or modern conveniences.

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This was a wonderful place! Such flowers, fruit and gardens as we were able to raise! But all this was not to be enjoyed for very long. There were so many bad influences for us growing children that the folks felt they must move where Lowell could go to the academy at Haviland, Kansas. In spite of a unanimous call to remain at Citrus Heights, Daddy and Mama accepted a call to go as pastors to Prairie Vale, Coldwater, Kansas. Since the pastoral year began in July in California and did not begin until the first of September in Kansas, we had this extra time in which to visit relatives in Indiana and then return to Kansas and get settled in our new home by the time school was to start.

To prepare for our long trip back over the mountains, Daddy built or had built, a long box that fit the running board of the car. It was divided into compartments to hold the various items of food we would need along the way. The hinged lid opened away from the car and had a brace that permitted it to be used as a sort of a table while Mama was preparing our food. Again, we sold most of our furniture and started out on another long tiresome trip, and I'm sure that many times Mama would have given almost anything to have been able to settle down somewhere for a good long rest.

Some time during the last week of August, 1928, we drove into the yard of the parsonage at Prairie Vale. Little did we dream of the many changes that were to come into our lives during the years to be spent in this home!

We children were so excited when we saw the big house. We jumped from the car and ran upstairs, each one hoping to get there first and pick the best bedroom for himself. I chose the little bedroom on the southwest corner of the upstairs. This was my room all the years we lived there.

Lowell chose a bigger room on the northeast corner. Hubert and Herschel had the room together on the northwest, and Daddy and Mama had the big room with windows facing the south and east (which was all that was left). There was even a "spare bedroom" downstairs. The kitchen was roomy but did not have many conveniences. The water was piped in from the well into the kitchen and into a barrel with a spigot at the bottom. Before very long a cistern was dug and we could pump the water into the kitchen with a pitcher-pump. In later years, when Herschel and Esther served Prairie Vale as pastors they were to see the house made modern and much more conveniently arranged.

Soon after arriving here, and before we were really too well settled, Mama and Lowell enrolled in school at Haviland, Kansas, Friends Haviland Academy as it was then called. Hubert, Herschel and I started to school at the little country school called New Home. I was in the 7th grade. Lowell soon became adjusted to the school life at Haviland and we children were very happy when Mama decided to drop out of school and come home. During this time Lowell had become a Christian and also began to date Josephine Weeks, whom he met at school.

I spent two happy years in school at New Home. It was a small school, divided into two rooms. The first 4 grades were in one room and the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th, in the other. One teacher I remember so well was Hazel Thompson. She was almost like a big sister to us, but still we learned well under her teaching, as she made it so interesting to us. She quit teaching and served as the County Treasurer for sometime.

In 1930 I entered the Friends Academy at Haviland as a freshman. Lowell and I had two rooms rented in the home of Vern and LaVada Davis. I had one of the rooms as my bedroom and a sitting room and the other was the kitchen and Lowell's bedroom. Many "odd" meals were concocted there while I was learning to fix food for the two of us. This consisted mostly of canned

soups, eggs, potatoes, and canned fish. For some time Cora (Davis) Sanders stayed with us, and shared expenses and took turns with us furnishing the food. I would like to take this opportunity to express my appreciation for her patience with me during that year, and also for her friendship and companionship.

In November of 1931, Lowell and Jo decided that 3 could live more cheaply than 2, so they were married and Jo moved in with us. Cora was no longer staying with us at this time.

I remember the excitement of moving Jo's things in and the fun of watching and helping her put her new dishes away in our orange crate cupboards. Secretly, I was rather relieved that some of the responsibility of cooking and cleaning was removed from my shoulders. I realized now that it took quite a lot of patience on Jo's part to start out her married life with a little sister to contend with. If I could have been more understanding then, I could have made those first years easier for her and Lowell, I know. But what fourteen-year-old-girl would be apt to see that fact? Jo and I became very close to each other and that feeling has continued to this day. Perhaps in no other way could we have come to mean so much to each other.

During the fall of 1932, Mama told me that the women of the church were having a baby shower for her and that we would soon have a new member of the family. I was quite surprised and enjoyed looking at the gifts that were given to her at the shower. I might add that it was also in September of this year that Paul began his first year at New Home School. In October that year, Kansas Yearly Meeting was held in the old stone Yearly Meeting House at Lawrence, Kansas. Daddy and Mama wanted to attend some of the services, so they decided that since Lawrence would be quite a few miles closer, they would just drive on to Indiana so that Mama could see her sister Blanche for a few hours at least. I decided that I would miss a few days of school and ride

along. (I wasn't feeling very well anyway, as I had just had a smallpox vaccination). They took three other passengers and after spending the night at Lawrence in a motel, we left early the next morning for Indiana. We made the trip and Mama had a good visit with some of her relatives. We started back in order to be able to spend Sunday enjoying the Yearly Meeting services. During the Sunday afternoon services the Hesper Quarterly Meeting choir sang a beautiful chorus describing the glories and beauties of Heaven. I sat by Mama and I remember that she cried softly all during this song. We recalled this incident after she had left us two months later to make her home in Heaven.

Incidentally, we were invited to eat Sunday lunch with the Charles Gordon family, as we did not have anything with us for a picnic lunch. I ate fried chicken and potato salad with them in their 1925 Dodge (with leather upholstery) little dreaming that they were to be my future in-laws.

Sometime during the latter part of the month of November, I came home from school one week-end to find Mama in bed. This was quite upsetting to me because, though Mama was quite often not feeling well, she very seldom was unable to be on her feet and look after our needs. By another week the local doctor had decided that she should be moved to a hospital in Dodge City, Kansas. This was done and the fight was begun to save her life. Little Robert Leroy was born prematurely and did not live. While Mama was still in the hospital his body was brought back and a short funeral service was conducted for him in our living room. Paul and I rode to the cemetery with some of the neighbors. Paul was very quiet most of the way but finally he said to me, "Maybe it's just as well the baby didn't live as he might have grown up and not been a Christian."

We knew that our Mother was very sick, but I hardly think we realized how serious it really was. I was continuing on in school at Haviland, Friends

Bible College, finishing my junior year of high school. It was during the week of her death that I had the following experience. I hesitate to include this in the book, but was requested to do so. This particular morning the message was brought during the chapel period, and the Spirit of God seemed very near. Someone on the platform felt led to ask that if anyone felt a need, or wanted to pray, reconsecrate, or dedicate their lives to God, for them to come forward; I felt a special urge to do so, and after kneeling and praying I told the Lord my life was in His hands, that everything I had or ever hoped to have belonged to Him to use as He felt best. Then a voice said to me, "Even your mother?" I at once said, "Yes, Lord, even my mother." It is hard to explain how one can have a heavy heart, yet be happy in the Lord, but that is how I felt that day. During the rest of the day this was, of course, uppermost in my mind. Then during my study period in the afternoon, I heard the telephone ring in the office. I heard it being answered and said to myself that this was a call about Mama. Soon Professor Scott T. Clark came to the door and called my name and asked me to come to the office. There he told me that he had just received word that my mother had passed away. It was wonderful to know that I need not grieve. I knew that she was in heaven and I had already gone through the sorrow of giving her up while at the altar that morning. Miss Ettie Johnson, a teacher I loved very much, was a great comfort to me at this time. While walking home from school I told her of my experience during the chapel hour. Later she related to me how she had felt led to give an account of this in the chapel hour the following morning (during my absence) and that several had come forward and given their hearts to the Lord. I was so glad that my experience could be used to bring glory to God, and that is why I relate it here.

It was hard to realize that our mother was gone. During her last moments she had shouted praises to the God that she had served so faithfully during her life. She passed away with the words, "Oh, I'm so happy," upon her lips. As a tribute to her memory I would like to state that we children never heard an angry, unkind or cutting word from her lips. She never spoke unkindly about others or to others. She was a wonderful pianist, sang beautifully, and brought many blessed messages from the pulpit. As a minister's salary was very small, she of a necessity, made many sacrifices that we children might have the necessary things of life. As I think of the many household conveniences she did without, it makes me ashamed of the complaints I make today when inconveniences come my way. She touched many lives during her few years on earth as a minister's wife, and was a wonderful influence for good. Funeral services were held at the Prairie Vale Friends Church, conducted by Arthur Chilson, then Yearly Meeting Superintendent of Kansas Yearly Meeting. She was buried on Christmas Day near her mother and brother, in the family lot in Indiana. Uncle Levi Cox, who married her and Daddy, conducted the funeral in Indiana on Christmas Day.

OBITUARY

Lural Augusta Wright, daughter of John and Arbelia Wright, was born near Farmland, Indiana, on August 14, 1892, and answered the Heavenly summons on December 20, 1932, aged 40 years, 4 months and 6 days. Her mother was a Friends minister in the Friends Church. She was always used to family worship. Lural's parents were careful of her associations and her early training was a blessing to her through her life. She taught a Sunday School class and was organist when quite young. When she was very small she sang in the choir and stood upon a chair to be as tall as others. At the age of 13 she began teaching music and taught nearly every year since. She graduated in piano at

the age of 17 at Muncie in the McKinley Conservstory of Music. Lural was always a dutiful, conscidntious, religious child. She enjoyed singing in revivals and often went and helped her mother and others in special meetings.

On September 12, 1911, Lural married Leroy Thornburg and bid farewell to parents, friends and all the familiar scenes of her childhood and chose for life the sacrificial place of a pastor's wife. She with her husband took a charge not far from Cherokee, Oklahoma. When they reached this place they knew no one. They served here four years, and left this, their first charge, with many new friends.

For over 20 years Lural has faithfully served without complaint. When hardships came she unflinchingly met them.

In 1923 she was recorded a minister of the Gospel, which place she aalways felt unworthy of filling. Her messages in sermon and song were always full of Spiritual emphasis and urge which blessed the hearers.

Her mother, and older brother, Herschel and an infant son, Robert Leroy, preceded her to Paradise.

She leaves a sorrowing husband and five children, Lowell, Audrey, Hubert, Herschel, Paul and a daughter-in-law, Josephine. Also a father and step-mother, John and Emma Wright, a sister, Blanche King, and sister-in-law, Ora Teeple, all of Indiana, besides many relatives and friends mourning her passing.

Funeral services were conducted at the Prairie Vale Church with Arthur B. Chilson, Yearly Meeting Superintendent in charge. The body was taken back to her old home in Indiana for burial.

Lural had preached her farewell message to a crowded house at Quarterly Meeting at Haviland, Kansas. It was a sermon of victory and triumph.

Many were the remarks, and thankful were souls who received new courage for the battles of life from her sermon based on the text, "Walk ye in the old paths." Jeremiah 6:16.

A short time before she received her release she seemed to see the opening portals and sense the glorious welcome home. Suddenly, looking up with smiling face she said, "Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Hallelujah. I'm so happy!"

A song she loved so much to sing, seems to be coming true.[1]

When our ships have crossed the ocean,
And been all around the world.
When they safely gain the Haven
And their sails again are furled.
We rejoice to see them enter
And to know the anchor's cast,
Raising joyful shouts of welcome.
For our ships are home at last.

Chorus

O what singing, O what shouting,
When our ships come sailing home.
They have stood the mighty tempests
They have crossed the ocean's foam.
They have passed o'er stormy billows,
But they now have gained the shore.
The anchor's cast, They're home at last,
The voyage safely o'er.

2

But if there is such rejoicing
To see vessels here get home,
When we know that in a little while
Our ships again will roam.
O what must it be in Heaven
When a soul comes sailing in,
To go our no more forever,
Sailing on the sea of sin.

Chorus

3

O methinks I hear the angels shout,
"Here comes an earthly bark.
She has found her way to Heaven
Tho the way was rough and dark.
But she had a star to guide her
Called the bright and morning star.
It has guided millions over
From that distant land afar."

Chorus

4

So with Jesus as our Captain
We expect to gain that shore.
We expect to cast our anchor
There and stay forever more.
And we know the angels will be there
To greet us when we come.
They will join in songs of rapture
Welcome Home, O Welcome Home. 43

After Christmas, when we had all returned home and life had to be carried on as usual, many lonely moments were before us. We knew it would be especially hard for Daddy. I continued my school work at Haviland, but came home on week-ends and did my best to get things in shape for the coming week. It was during this time that the dust began to blow over the western part of the state. This made my work doubly hard.

Even though it was hard on Daddy, he did a fine job of keeping the family together and looking after the little boys during the week while I was away at school. Never at any time was there any question about my finishing my high school work, thanks to Daddy and to the fine women of the community who helped out in so many ways.

I know the days were long and lonely for Daddy during these years. He expressed his feelings about the situation in the following verses which he wrote.

COMFORT OF THE SCRIPTURES
By Leroy Thornburg
Dedicated to my daughter, Audrey Pauline

Tho' your friends may oft o'er rate you
Or your enemies may hate you,
    'Tis God's Word that
    Shows your picture since the Fall.
There you see your actual rating
For God's truth is plain in stating
    You are nothing--
    But your Christ is "All in all."

When bowed 'neath a load of care,
And you're tempted to despair,
    Just take time to read
    A portion of God's Word.
When the devil fierce assails you,
Naught is there can help what ails you
    Like the Promises
    That's left you by your Lord.

When the winds are blowing strong
That would drive your bark to wrong--
    O remember how
    His word can bring a calm.
Then the waves will cease to roll,
And sweet peace fill all your soul
    Like the healing power
    Of Gilead's precious balm.

When life's problems on you settle,
That oft try and test your mettle,
    Coming on you like
    An overwhelming flood--
Then just read some promise sweet,
'Twill the enemy defeat,
    And you have the victory
    Thru the Precious Blood.

There's no wealth in all the earth
That compares in priceless worth
With the treasures that are hid
In Bible lore.
If with faith and sincere mind
You come seeking, you shall find
Riches promised those
Who search the Scriptures o'er.

When you lose a loved one true--
One who's been 'most life to you,
In the darkness you're
Not left alone to grope.
For God's Book brings comfort pure,
Speaks of Resurrection sure,
Tho we live or die,
We rest on that blest hope.

Coldwater, Kansas. December 12, 1933

Many thanks are due the wonderful people at Prairie Vale, who so faithfully stood by our family in our time of need. The homes of the community were open to us if we needed a place to leave the boys overnight or even for several days and nights. I especially want to mention Agnes Smith who so kindly cared for the boys after our mother's passing. She cared for them as she did her own, and I am sure it eased the sorrow and lonliness they must have felt at this time. I would not have space or time to name all in the community who contributed to a fund to help meet

our financial need, also those who gave us clothing, bedding, food and in general, proved themselves to be real true friends.

One or two memories of our lives here at Prairie Vale should be mentioned. Hubert and Herschel recall the year they were puzzled as to what they could give their mother for a Mother's Day gift. While they were rummaging in the old junk yard or dumping grounds about ¼ mile from our house, they found an old tin match holder. This was one of the kind put out by hardware firms, or stores. It had the name of the firm still printed on it. It would hold a whole box of matches and feed them out at the bottom, a few at a time. They took it home and very secretly worked for days painting and fixing this "find" for a suitable present. When the day came, they very carefully wrapped it in some old brown paper and tied it with binder twine, which was all they had, and proudly gave it to Mama, eagerly awating her thanks. They were not disappointed. She was "overjoyed" with this wonderful gift, and very proudly hung it in place in the kitchen where it could be seen by all. She did this despite the fact that the paint the boys had worked so hard to put on it had not suceeded in hiding the printing that was on it previously. This left a lasting impression on the boys and they have never forgotten it.

Mama was a very quiet woman, and though she had a good sense of humor she very seldom played jokes on other people. I suppose that is why the incident I am about to relate stands out in my mind. Mama always baked all our bread, using the old fashioned starter, and "setting" the dough the night before it was to be baked. She usually baked five or six loaves at a time at least twice a week. This bread was kept in a large stone jar and covered with a worn out tablecloth. The boys had been given a life-size rubber mouse as a toy. Somehow in their play it had landed in the bread jar. When Mama went to the jar and saw the mouse, there was no

doubt that it startled her and she couldn't resist the temptation to startle someone else. I remember the excitement when she called out, "Oh, Leroy, come quick, there's a mouse in the bread jar." Daddy immediately shut all the doors into the kitchen, stuffing rugs in front of them to prevent the mouse from running underneath into the next room. Then taking a yardstick, he cautiously approached the bread jar. Mama must have really enjoyed the look on his face when he lifted the edge of the tablecloth and saw the rubber mouse. We all broke into laughter and everyone enjoyed the good joke on Daddy.

Another incident that I would like to relate was concerning the root beer. Hubert and Herschel had taken a liking to root beer, and their finances being such that they were not able to buy it very often, they sent for directions as to how they could make their own. it necessitated their pooling the small amount of savings they did have in order to buy a cake of the old-time, dry yeast foam, and a small bottle of root beer extract or flavoring. This was done and the day came for the brewing and bottleing. They followed the directions carefully, and spent quite some time hunting bottles and jars to hold the finished product. The bottles were carefully sealed and carried to the basement to set for a few days in the dark. I don't doubt but that they were examined several times each day, until one day we heard sounds of explosions in the basement, and upon investigation they found their bottles had either burst, or the lids had come off and most of their precious root beer had run out onto the basement shelves. This was quite a disappointment to them, of course, but perhaps it was just as well, as for all we know it might have made them sick had there been any left for them to drink.

In the spring of 1934, I graduated from the academy at Friends Bible

College. During the summer I spent about six weeks traveling with a group in the interest of F.B.C. Lowell and Jo stayed at the parsonage that summer and kept house for Daddy and the boys. Later that summer Daddy received a call to go to Prairie Center Friends Church near Edgerton, Kansaas. I know we all felt handicapped, but he most of all, without a wife to help him get established in a new church. However, he accepted the call, and we moved that fall before school started. Shortly before we moved, Levi and Katie Johnson, pastors at Booker, Texas, came for a visit, bringing Marie Brown with them. We were glad to meet her, as we knew that Daddy had been corresponding with her for a few weeks.

We will perhaps never forget our first few days at Prairie Center. We had arrived late on Saturday night, in the rain. We learned upon our arrival that the truck that had come on ahead of us with our furniture, had overturned on the way and our belongings were in a very sad state. By some miracle, we were able to make ourselves presentable and be present at church services the following morning. Daddy preached on the text found in Psalms 34:19, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

The people of the church were very friendly and kind to us. Earl and Lenna White invited us to their house for Sunday dinner and we very gladly accepted.

Herschel and Paul soon enrolled in the Prairie Center country School. Hubert entered the high school at DeSoto. We learned to love the people of this community and I, especially, appreciated their kindness and patience with me, as I tried to take my place in the home and community as I thought my mother would have wanted me to do.

I enjoyed the fellowship of the fine group of young people in the church and soon became acquainted with Eldon Gordon, who after a few months

was the cause of my decision to make Prairie Center my permanent home..

Daddy had continued his correspondence with Marie Brown, so after much prayer and the approval of us children, and the people of the church, they were married on June 8, 1935, in Texas. They had planned to take a trip to Oregon as a honeymoon and also that they might take Marie's parents there once more to visit relatives. After the wedding, they wrote to see if we children were all well. This was because of the fact that the boys had been recently exposed to the measles. I wrote back that all was well and for them to go ahead and enjoy their trip. Then the next day after I wrote, Paul began to break out with the measles. I sent a card to Daddy telling him, but they had already gone. One after another during the next few weeks, the boys had their turn at breaking out. We made out very well until Hubert became sick. He had been milking the cow and looking after most of the chores. This was almost too much for Herschel amd Paul, so we had to ask for some help at this time. By the time the folks returned, we were all back to normal, and had survived very well. I have always been thankful that my card was late in reaching them, and that they were able to take their trip as they had planned.

Marie moved in with us, and we were all very glad to have her and came to love her more than words can tell. At first it was hard to decide just what to call her. We decided that since we always called our own mother Mama, we would call Marie, Mother, which was satisfactory to all. Mother won her way into the hearts of the people at Prairie Center, and very capably took her place as a minister's wife. Her messages were a blessing as she took her place in the pulpit from time to time. I am sure that we children all feel that it was in God's plan for our lives that she should become our second mother.

That summer, on August 11, 1935, Eldon and I were married in a quiet ceremony in the parsonage. Daddy performed the ceremony as he had done for Lowell. We left the following morning for a week's trip through Colorado.

In the fall of 1937, daddy and mother accepted a call to be pastors to a community church located in Lipscomb, Texas. Needless to say it gave me a very lonesome feeling to think of them moving so far away. It would be my first experience of being definitely separated from my family. Also, Mother and I hated to bring to an end the close fellowship we had enjoyed since we both learned we were to become mothers the following spring.

In February of 1938 we received word that Elda Ann had arrived. She was born on February 22. I was overjoyed for more reasons than one. Here was my long-wished for sister, but she was too far away for me to be able to enjoy her. But it wasn't very long before I had other things to occupy my mind, for on March 13, 1938, our first child Carl Dean was born. Carl was the second grandchild, for on February 25, 1937, Lowell and Jo had become the proud parents of a baby girl to whom they had given the name of Doris Jeannine. She was a fat chubby baby and we were all quite proud of the first grandchild. The births of the remaining grandchildren will be mentioned as they occur, in later chapters of this book, with material as furnished by each member of the family.

Later that summer we were able to make a short visit to see the folks at Lipscomb, Texas, so that Carl and Elda Ann might become acquainted with one another. Daddy and Mother remained as pastors there until the fall of 1945, when they accepted a call and moved to Liberal, Kansas, to minister to the Friends Church there.

On October 12, 1941, Gloria Ann was born. Carl, up until this time, had resisted all our efforts to persuade him to quit sucking his thumb, or I should say thumbs, as he was as glad to suck one as the other, and as fast as you would pull one from his mouth, he would pop the other one in. After I returned home from the hospital with Gloria, we never say him suck his thumbs again. We never knew just why this was so. I wouldn't recommend this method as a sure cure for thumb-sucking, however.

Our family was getting quite scattered, but occasionally we were permitted to see one another, although the visits were brief and far apart, it seemed. Up to this time Eldon and I and the children had been living in the home with Eldon's parents. Since Eldon was farming with his father, this was the easiest way for us to live. In the summer of 1942 we heard rumors that the government was going to take our property and install a powder plant. This was quite disturbing, but we didn't think it could happen to us. But in June of that year we found that it was true, and the Prairie Center Church had to move and relocate and by November we had received our orders to move. This was a blow to Eldon"s parents as they had built up this place through the years and now a lifetime of labor and effort seemed almost in vain. Winter time was a hard time of the year to find a new home, but after much searching, homes for both of our families were located near Gardner, where we now live. Eldon's parents lived in their home near the west edge of Gardner from 1942 until their passing, his father in November of 1956 and his mother in June of 1957.

On March 23, 1944, Glenn Lee was born. I had kept all hints of his future arrival from my folks, so I think it was quite a surprise when they received a card announcing his birth.

We had long planned for a family reunion, so during the summer of

1947, Glenn and I rode the bus to Liberal for a week's visit. Hubert and Vivian were pastors at Lone Star Friends Church during this time. All the others were able to be present also, both of the immediate family and the in-laws, except Eldon.

In the fall of 1949, Daddy, Mother and Elda Ann moved to Hesper, near Eudora, Kansas, to take up pastoral work there. I was happy to have them so near me and my family, again. We have many happy memories of the years spent while they were living there. Some of the other children were always able to be there for the holidays, and we were able to keep in close contact with them all in this way. During their stay there, Mother tenderly cared for her mother, Elda Brown, until her passing on January 5, 1952.

The year of 1951 was a memorable one for several reasons. First of all, Eldon and I decided that we must have a new home. Our old house was too small, too old, and too inconvenient. Plans were made and a carpenter hired, and work was begun. Secondly, this was the year of the "flood." So much rain did not work in very well with our building plans, but the building progressed in spite of it all and we were able to move into our new home in March of 1952. Thirdly, Lois Elaine was born on August 28, 1951. I remember how happy I was when the new basement was finished enough so that I could move my washing machine in and wash diapers without having to carry all the water in and heat it and then carry it out again.

Lois was our youngest and coming seven years after Glenn was born, has been a great joy to the whole family. Perhaps it is she who helps keep her daddy and mother feeling younger than their years.

In the fall of 1956, the folks accepted a call to serve as pastors of the Antioch Friends Church, near Stafford, Kansas. It was hard for me to let them go, but I was thankful for the few years we had been able to

live so near to them. After moving there, Elda Ann entered school at Friends Bible College, as a college freshman. Carl was also in school there, having finished his high school in the academy there the year before.

The folks enjoyed their work at Antioch, and made many new friends, though during their last year there Mother did not enjoy the best of health.

In the fall of 1958, Daddy and Mother went to Tulsa, Oklahoma, as pastors. They felt a hesitancy to take up work there as it was in a large city, and the work would keep them very busy, but they also felt that it was where God wanted them to go. Daddy appreciated the fact that the climate there permitted him to raise many lovely flowers and also a fine garden. Much more could be said about the fine people of that place and their many kindnesses to the folks and Elda Ann during the two years they were there.

On August 8, 1958, our family drove to Denver, Colorado, in order to attend the wedding of our son, Carl, and Claudia Thomas of that city. It was a lovely wedding and a happy time, although at the same time we had a slight feeling of sadness as we realized that our family was being scattered and our children were growing up and away from us. Eldon and I and the other children filled out the rest of the week traveling through several states and seeing all the sights as we made our way toward home.

On June 12, 1959, Elda Ann and Sheldon Cox were married in the Friends Church in Tulsa. We could hardly realize that this could be our little sister, and I know it was still harder on the folks to adjust to the fact that she would soon be in a home of her own.

Daddy and Mother were feeling the strain of keeping up with the work that needed to be done at Tulsa. After all, the years were creeping up

on them, and it was beginning to be apparent to them and to us children that it would be better for them to take a smaller place where the demands on their time would not be so great. In the fall of 1960, they felt led to accept the call to be pastors at the Union Friends Church near Chandler, Oklahoma. This is a country church, located about 8 miles north of Chandler. The folks are there at this writing, and appreciate so much the faithful, dedicated members of their congregation. The church and parsonage are located in such a peaceful and restful spot, where Daddy can plant and tend his beloved garden, and have many nice flowers. One of his favorite pastimes is watching and feeding the many species of birds that make their homes in the trees near the house. Mother seems satisfied and content in their little home there and spends her leisure hours crocheting and making many pretty things which she uses as gifts to others.

During the summer of 1960, Paul and Leona and children returned to the United States from Africa for a long awaited furlough. They spent some time visiting among relatives before settling down in the Mission House in Wichita and starting their deputation work for the Yearly Meeting. Gefore their return to the field in the fall of 1961 they visited with Leona's parents in Idaho and also were going to visit with brothers, Hubert and Herschel and families in Oregon. We had all wished that we might have a family get-together while Pauls were here, but plans just didn't seem to work out. The date first set for their sailing was the latter part of July and this made any plans for a reunion with all present almost impossible, as Hubert was going to school and would not be through until August 12. It was a busy time for our family to be gone from home, so it seemed almost hopeless. Then came word that the date for Paul and Leona's sailing had been put off for another week, then later word that it was to be postponed for still another week, came to them. Now it seemed to the ones in Oregon

that we surely could plan a family reunion, so definite plans were made to meet in Newberg, Oregon, and be together the 11th and 12th of August. It seemed almost impossible for me to go, as Eldon felt he could not leave home for the almost two weeks we would need to take for travel and visiting. After much prayer by myself and encouragement by my loved ones in Oregon, I decided to go to Oregon by plane. Arrangements were made and I flew to Oregon on August 10. When I reached the Portland Airport about 8 o'clock that night, quite a surprise was in store for me. There with open arms, stood the whole "tribe" except for Herschel, who had been in the hospital and was unable to come, so had kept Lonnie and Miriam with him. Everywhere I looked there were Thornburgs, big,little and middle sized. I said that I doubted that anyone arriving at that airport ever had such a large delegation to meet them. Words cannot express the joy in meeting each one of my loved ones again Such talking and laughing! What a happy time a reunion is! We looked over a few interesting places in Portland before going on to Hubert's home. The next day we were all together for an all day visit, then everyone spent the night in Hubert and Vivian's new country home. There were 25 in all. We didn't worry too much about a place to sleep, because by the time we all got to bed, about 2 A.M., we were so tired we could have slept anywhere. We spent the evening taking pictures and showing slides of past family reunions. The next day was spent in more visiting, eating and making tape recordings and all were very happy until it came time for Paul and Leona to make their final good-byes. And it really did seem final when we stopped to think that they were starting on the first lap of a journey that would take them to the far-away mission field in Africa. I think the little ones were a bit puzzled as to why we were shedding tears, but they just couldn't be held back at a time like this. Finally we waved them our

last good-by and went into the house to try to carry on with our visiting.

On Sunday morning we all went together to the church services in the Friends Church in Newberg, where Hubert and Herschel and their families attended. Daddy preached an encourageing message, as guest minister, and Lowell sat on the platform with daddy and the local pastor, and offered prayer before the message.

We had a lovely dinner in Herschel and Esther's home in Newberg, and continued our visiting, until in the afternoon, Hubert and Vivian took us to the beach to spend a few hours picking up shells and hunting driftwood.

On Monday morning we were all busy packing to start our journeys homeward. I left by plane, Hubert and Daddy taking me to the airport in Portland. Soon after, Mother, Daddy, Elda Ann and Sheldon left in Sheldon and Elda Ann's new Falcon, and Lowell, Jo and Kathy left also to start the long trip home. My trip by air was a wonderful experience and I thank God for the privilege of making such a wonderful trip and making it safely.

My family were awaiting my return so that we could soon have a family reunion of our own. Carl and Claudia were moving to Denver, so while Glenn helped Carl move, Gloria, Claudia and baby Carrie, came on to our home to wait and visit until Carl and Glenn returned. Another happy week was spent loving our only grandchild and visiting with our children. Carl and family are now settled in a nice home in Denver, Claudia teaching school, Carl preaching and going to Seminary. We truly feel God has been good to our family and we feel His protective Hand over us at all times.

One morning during my visit at Hubert's in Oregon, I came downstairs and found Herschel sitting at the dining room table, his head bent over a

paper. He seemed so intent on what he was doing I didn't thing he noticed my approach. I finally asked him what was so important so early in the morning. He replied that he had awakened quite early that morning with the words of a poem going through his mind so insistently that he had had to get up at once in order to put them on paper.

Following is the poem Herschel composed so early in the morning. I think it expresses the feelings of all our family much better than any words I might try to write.

THE FAMILY REUNION

What a time it has been
Since they all gathered in,
The folks for the family reunion.
Pauls have come from afar
Lowell's and Sheldon's came by car.
Mother and daddy were there
And Audrey came in by air,
Everyone for the family reunion.

Herschel's and Hubert's of course housed the din.
Esther and Vivian chipping right in,
For this is the Thornburg reunion.
Some got lost, some were late,
And Paul's had to make a date.
So things had to move right along.
The kids scheduled their fun,
Worked until day's end was done,
To put on a program and song.

Of course pictures were taken,
There was cookin' and bakin'
And some hair to be trimmed on the sides.
But with ice cream and cake
And no schedule to break,
We spent the night looking at slides.

By two in the morning,
Not needing a warning,
I think everyone had retired.
There were bed rolls galore
All over the floor,
And nothing but sleep was desired.

What a great big surprise
Had been 'oped for our eyes.
Our parents had done it again!
And now in our dreams
Nothing mattered, it seems,
Undeserving though we have all been.

Audrey had come out of her way.
Hubert had worked hard each day,
And Herschel was still sick-a-bed.
But Paul was still here
And Lowell drove without fear
To make it in time like he'd said.

There's one I've not named,
She's up with the famed,
Our sister, dear Elda Ann,
She came just as far
In their cute little car,
Loaded down like a moving van.
Yes, there's Grandma and Grandpa,
And Uncles and Cousins.
With oodles of fun and jokes by the dozens.
This poem could go on without end.
But try as we might
Things couldn't be right
Without love upon which we depend.

We do love one another
Even though sister and brother
May not write a letter in years.
We know that no news
Must be good in our views,
So keep busy to scatter our fears.

May we each one so live,
To have something to give,
As our parents have well taught us how.
Giving God His first place
Live in Glory and Grace,
Till in Heaven His Glories endow.

I'm sure that I speak for each of the children when I say that words cannot express our love and appreciation for our father and mother, who when they are no longer with us, will have left a heritage more valuable than silver or gold. It is a heritage of Christian parents who taught us how to pray and who set the example before us of lives that were completely dedicated to God and His service.

While attending school at Friends Bible College at Haviland, Kansas, I met Josephine Weeks. Before graduation in the spring of 1932, we decided to be married. Our wedding took place in the Red Mound Friends church, where Jo's parents were serving as pastors. Daddy performed the ceremony, and Mama sang "At Dawning." This was on November 8, 1931. Since we were both in school in Haviland, we loaded all our worldly possessions into Jo's folk"s Model T, and moved into the rooms Audrey and I had been occupying at the Vern and LaVada Davis home. We were just as thrilled as if we were moving into a modern day ten-thousand dollar home. There were several wedding and shower gifts to be put away in the cupboards, but one gift that could not be put in any cupboard, was a truck load of corn cobs, given to us by Art Smithorman. He couldn't have given us anything else more appreciated, as these were used in our heating stove for fuel during the winter. The school sponsored a "Serenade" for us instead of a Chariv-ari, so that the students at school wouldn't get "carried away" and do any damage to our things. This was to no avail, as after everyone had gone we found cockle-burrs, and cracker crumbs in our bed. Also the slats and casters had been removed from our bed and hidden.

In the spring of 1932 I graduated from the Academy and Jo from Bible College. During the summer we alternated between Red Mound and Prairie Vale, working when I could get work, and visiting when I couldn't.

In the fall of 1932 we returned to Haviland. I had been offered a job on a tenant farm, but felt the leading of the Lord to return to school. This was in answer to the prayers of both our fathers, who were praying that I might return to school and prepare for the ministry. In order to make our way Jo worked as matron of the Boy's Dorm. I took a few hours of Bible. We had a Jersey cow at this time. We sold milk to the neigh-

bors, also traded milk to Helva Cox and her father for feed for the cow. The sad part of the deal was that the cow went dry before the feed was paid for. The responsibility at the Dorm proved to be too much for Jo, so in midwinter, possibly in Jan. of 1933, we moved into the parsonage with Daddy at Prairie Vale, Mama having passed away in December of 1932, leaving Daddy and the little boys alone there while Audrey was away at school. In the summer of 1933 Daddy and I worked on W.P.A. projects. Though the wages were small it was all we could find to do during those days of depression. Jo enjoyed many happy hours with the boys during the summer. They hiked down to the creek after the cows, went on picnics, hunted and marked trails for treasure hunts, and many outdoor activities dear to the hearts of little boys. Hubert and Herschel also spent some time in another activity common to little boys who are brothers, fighting and teasing. Hubert's temper would quite often, (almost) get the better of him, in spite of his training and up-bringing. He would scare Herschel almost out of a year's growth by knotting up his fists and glaring at him while saying through clenched teeth, "Don't you dare come any closer, or I'll kill you . This perhaps was not very good for Jo's nerves, but she probably knew that Hubert was not as serious as he sounded.

We were rather short of extra food during these days, living mostly on canned tomatoes, beans, bread and potatoes, not to mention the "ground wheat" which was a healthful if rather tiresome breakfast cereal. Of course we had plenty of milk and eggs, which helped to make the situation better. However we were not as bad off as Paul led his Sunday School teacher to believe. Paul was about 6 years old at the time. Daddy had acquired a brown puppy for company for the boys. They promptly named him Ginger. I think Dorothy Hadley Craven was Paul's Sunday School teacher at this time and later told us, laughingly, what Paul had said. Some time

during the Sunday School period, Paul had informed her that we had eaten all the eggs, chickens, milk, etc. at our house, in fact everything but old Ginger and we were going to eat him next. We are truly glad that the situation was not that bad. Perhaps this was in Paul's mind because of an earlier saying of his. When we first got the dog and the boys named him Ginger, Paul was riding to town with Daddy one day. While there Daddy had purchased several pounds of ginger snaps, which incidentally, made up quite a lot of the dessert part of our meals, as they could be purchased for 10 cents per lb. On the way home while munching on ginger snaps, Paul said to Daddy, "Dog snaps", and then laughed and laughed. This became quite a family joke.

Later, in the summer, the whole family took a trip to Indiana to visit our relatives. While there Grandpa (Restor) Thornburg asked me to stay there and farm for him. He made Jo and me a very worthwhile offer, but in spite of all the attractions to side step my call to the ministry, God kept His hand upon my life. I felt I should return to Kansas and continue my studies.

During the summer of 1934, Jo and I stayed at Prairie Vale with Daddy and the boys while Audrey took a tour with a group representing Friends Bible College. In the fall of 1934 we moved to a little two room house in the Red Mound community, 17 miles north west of Haviland. I worked for the farmers in the neighborhood in hopes of saving enough money to go to school another year. We pastured one of our neighbors cows and sold the cream. I had a few sheep, turkeys and chickens, which might be called "diversified farming"---- We saved enough to buy our first car which was a 1925 Model T coupe. We couldn't have been more proud if it had been a "Caddie". In the fall of 1935 we moved to Haviland and I paid our rent by working on Jesse Overman's houses and Jo provided

for our food by boarding Miss Ettie Johnson, a teacher at Friends Bible College. I took on all sorts of jobs available in order to make ends meet. I was sometimes able to make as much as $1.00 per day, though this was unusual. I even tried Barbering as a sideline until advised to do otherwise, by the State Barbering Board.

We lived in this house until the fall of 1937. Different boys stayed with us among whom was Dean Gregory and my brothers, Hubert and Herschel. They all helped with the work, washing dishes and such, gladly or otherwise.

On February 25, 1937, a much anticipated event occurred, for after more than 5 years of married life we were blessed with a baby daughter. It wasn't too much trouble to name her because several years before, her Aunt Audrey had suggested the name of Doris Jeannine, for our first daughter. Her layette was all beautifully hand made by Ettie Johnson. As the doctor there at that time took care of the deliveries in the home, she had the distinction of being born out of the hospital. She was a happy, healthy baby after she learned to distinguish between night and day. She was the center of attraction as she was the first grandchild on both sides of the house.

In the spring of 1938 I graduated from the Bible College. I worked that summer for different farmers near Haviland. That fall I accepted a call to be pastor at Lone Star, a Friends church near Hugoton, Kansas. This was during the years of depression and the dust storms. People were in very poor circumstances all over that part of the state. Of a necessity I worked for the farmers of the neighborhood. Though no one had much of this world's goods, the people were good to share with us. Our salary was paid mostly in commodities. I still have a note-book in which I recorded the amount and the value of the food brought to us, and which

was credited to the church on our salary.

On January 9, 1940, our son Larry Sheldon came to bless our home. When he was about 5 months old, he became very ill and had to undergo major surgery. We were later informed that 3 out of 5 babies do not survive this type of operation. We feel sure that God spared his life for future service for Him. In spite of the fact that our income consisted of almost no money at all, we were able to move from this pastorate oweing no one. This is all the more remarkable because of the fact that three major hospital visits were made during these years by different members of our family.

From Lone Star we moved across the state to Eastern Kansas in the fall of 1942. We had accepted a call as pastors of a country church at Bolton, near Independence. We really made ourselves at home in this location, for we lived here as pastors for 14 years. Six of these years, Jo taught school at the Bolton rural school. Both Larry and Doris started to school under her teaching. If they cannot spell or read you know whom to blame. During those 14 years we saw 4 additions to the church plant. We have many precious memories of the fellowship and spiritual growth during our years here.

After ten years without a baby in the house, we were all thrilled to welcome Kathleen Kay on April 17, 1950. Being a parsonage baby we had plenty of help in raising her, as our people loved her so. It had been many years since a baby had been a member of the pastor's family in residence there. Because of the fact that Larry and Doris were so small when we moved there this will always be home to them and Kathy.

In the spring of 1956 we began to feel that our years of service at Bolton were drawing to a close. We had no other location in mind, but felt that God would lead us wherever He could use us in His work.

When Merle Roe, the General Supt. presented to us the need of pastoral leadership for church extension work in Hutchinson, Kansas, such a type of work appealed to us. It was clear to us it would be a great responsibility and a great step of faith and took much prayer and definite leading of the Lord, before we felt clear to accept this call. The Lord gave Jo the Bible verses found in Deut. 2:2-3 which seemed to her a clear answer to questions concerning this step. In May, 1956, we made a trip to Hutchinson and met with the group who had been worshipping together there. Up to this time they had met as a prayer meeting group, in the different homes, and had just begun to have a Sunday School, meeting in the Y M C A.

The latter part of August we moved by truck to the city of Hutchinson. The local congregation had rented a house to serve as a parsonage and we soon felt very much at home. After having lived in the country so long we were pleasantly surprised to be able to adapt to city life as easily as we did. It was another assurance of being where God wished us to be.

We found the Hutchinson Friends people a fine, co-operative group with whom to work. We learned that Extension work is much different from the long established church work. Being leaders of a congregation while trying to decide whether to buy or build a permanent church home(building) is a great responsibility. We were so conscious of God's leadings in this respect that finally the group decided to buy a building site at 14th and Landon. With much help from the Yearly Meeting and from individuals, an attractive building was erected and dedicated to the service of the Lord. The Monthly Meeting was officially established May 18,1958. Always foremost in our minds was that "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." Psalms 127:1. During the years of

our service in Hutchinson we thank God that we have been able to see added interest and growth in attendance and membership. The years have not been without some problems and disappointments, but we have felt continually that it is God's work and "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." 1 Sam. 7:12.

In the fall of 1960 a comparatively new house was purchased by the congregation, to be the Friends Parsonage. We enjoy living in such a nice home and feel that God has allowed the church to take another step of progress.

During the years we have been in Hutchinson our family group began to change. Both Doris and Larry married and have established good Christian homes. We thank the Lord for the inspiration they and their companions have been to us.

Kathy completed her elementary school work in McCandless school in Hutchinson.

Because of the heavy financial load the church group carried in paying off the loan on the church and parsonage buildings they were not able to pay full pastoral support, as much as they wanted to. In order to meet the financial needs of the family and help with the finances of the church, I have worked as a shipper and receiver for the Krause Plow Co. in Hutchinson. There I have made many friends, and am always conscious of God's presence and leadership.

In thinking over these past years of my life I can see clearly how God's Hand has led me. During my 10th year while my father was pastor at the Friends Church near Hugoton, I felt a call from God to enter the ministry. Although I wandered far from Him during the years, His Hand was always there to gently lead me back until the time came that I was willing to turn my life completely over to Him and to His service.

Hubert Laverne Thornburg

The year before my folks moved to Lipscomb (they were living at Prairie Center then) I spent a year living with Grandpa and Grandma Brown near Booker, Texas. Grandpa lived on a farm and sometime or other during our young boyhood years, each of us boys spent some time there, helping Grandpa and also learning a lot from his storehouse of wisdom. While there I attended High School at Booker. This was the year 1936-37. The next year I attended school at Friends Haviland Academy, and graduated as a Senior in the spring. During the term spent there I lived in the home of the sisters Miss Ruth Copley and Mrs. Grace Hargadine. I had a room there and also milked a cow and sold milk to help meet expenses. The next summer I spent near Eudora working on the farm of C.A. Gordon and living with my sister, Audrey, there. I really enjoyed that summer, though it was hard work. Since my girl friend lived at Haviland and was going to school there, I somehow felt led to go back there to school for some college work. However, the second semester, I transferred to Hays State Teacher's College. When Vivian graduated from High School at Haviland that spring my gift to her was an engagement ring. In the summer of 1939 I worked for the Rock Island Railroad to make enough to start on another winter of college work. In 1939 and 40, I worked full time for Herman Jacks, who was married to Vivian's sister, and I also took some summer work from Hays Teacher's College.

In 1940-41 I taught my first year of school in a small school in Kiowa County. Three brothers were the only pupils I had. One was in the first grade. I spanked the whole school one day when I found them smoking weeds at recess. I imagine their parents approved of my action as they were strict Mennonites.

When school was out that spring, Vivian and I were married, and I

spent that summer working for Browd Sweeney near Coldwater, Kansas.

The year of 1941 and 42, I taught school near Bucklin, Kansas. In April, when school was out I went back to Texas to work for Mother's brother, Kenneth Brown and Grandpa Brown, at Booker. They were having trouble getting farm help as so many young men were in the service at this time. While there I put in a crop, but Uncle Sam called me before I got it harvested. I left Grandpa and Daddy to thresh my few acres of pinto beans and etc. and joined the Coast Guard. (Made the Army mad!)

I was released from the Coast Guard in the fall of 1945 and went to work for Fred Loesch at Booker, Texas. I helped him winter his cattle, get in crops and harvest and build a new home. At that time we were called to Lone Star Friends Church near Liberal, Kansas, to fill in as pastor during a vacancy there.

I failed to mention that Karen Sue, our oldest, was born while I was in the Coast Guard and stationed at Biloxi, Miss. This important event occurred on January 30, 1943. Kent LeRoy was born at Brownsville, Texas, on July 11, 1945. While we were living at Lone Star, Stanley LaVerne was born on October 19, 1947.

We had two years at Lone Star. These were fruitful years, pleasant, but hard for us in many ways. We were close to our folks, who then lived at Liberal, and we appreciated so much their prayers and helpfulness in our new work. We were together often though we lived 18 miles from Liberal.

In 1948 we moved to Oregon so that I could go to college there. I had planned to preach more as I went to school, but somehow God didn't lead that way and doors didn't open for that work. In 1952, after years of working days and going to school at night I received my B.A. Degree. I started teaching in a rural school, Rex, near Newberg. The following

year I was offered a position as principal and teacher in the Newberg schools and have completed my 8th year with them.

Our youngest child, Cleta Vee, was born June 25, 1950, at Newberg, Oregon. We lived in 3 different houses in Newberg, until recently when we were privileged to move into our new home 3 miles out of town. Some years before, we had met an elderly couple, who were childless and badly needed someone to care for their needs. We drove to their farm, 3 miles from Newberg, many times and saw that they had the things they needed. This was especially trying when the weather was bad and we were going to night school. But we were more than rewarded by their faith and trust in us. This property was given to us in return, and we have certainly felt rewarded many times over for any time spent in careing for them. We built our new home on this farm and find it is an ideal place to raise our growing family. We have several head of cattle and calves, a good milk cow, and are able to raise our own beef to butcher. I have a nice little orchard started which should bear in the near future.

On August 11th, 1961, the day of our family reunion I finished my last day of school work, which made me a candidate for an M.A. Degree. This has meant many long, weary hours, but has been all worth while.

During the years I have felt the effect of the prayers of my Daddy and Mother in my behalf. My life is often guided by my question, WWhat would Daddy have done in this case?"

The three and three fourths years in the service were marked by God's leading in answer to the prayers of my parents. I know that I would not have come through those almost 4 years as well as I did (Imight not even be alive) if the folks had not prayed for me and set an example for me. When I look back, it makes me shudder to realize how nearly I came many times to downfall and danger. I really believe that except

for the prayers of my loved ones, I would not be here today.

When we lived at Coldwater we used to go out and put up heads of grain for the cows. Often I would be tired and worn out and ready to quit. Daddy would say, "Just a little more, now" or "Just one more sack." And we would keep raising our goal until we had finished.

This has helped me on many a job, for I can keep doing just a little more before I quit. It often is the difference between success and failure.

Daddy's spiritual life has been a constant inspiration to me and my goal is to achieve a similar experience and closeness to God.

Herschel Leland Thornburg

I do not have too many memories of my childhood until we moved to Coldwater, Kansas. I remember a favorite doll named Peggy that I used to have and loved very much, while we lived in Indiana. I remember the church there and the hills we used to play on. I do not remember much about our year in California, except that Hubert was going to school and I didn't get to. Also I remember the time Hubert fed me some graham crackers with paint spread on them. I still recall our trip from Calif. back to dusty Kansas. The big parsonage at Coldwater impressed me very much, perhaps because the parsonage in California was rather small.

A year after we came to Coldwater, Rev. Hubert Hardock came to our church to hold revival services. During these services I went forward to the altar for prayer. Clem Brown was leading the singing so formed a choir of Junior age children, teaching us all the little Bible choruses being used in revival services. This made quite an impression on me, a little boy of five.

While living here at Coldwater, I started to school at the little country school of New Home, 3 miles away. Quite often we walked this distance home from school. There were many things which seemed to hard on us at the time, as Hubert and I learned to do chores and take some of the responsibility of work around the home. However, in looking back I can see that these things helped to prepare us for the many tasks we were faced with in future years.

I don't remember very much about mama's passing, but do remember that she was sick and that we went to Dodge City to see her in the hospital there, but she had just passed away. We were too late to get to talk to her. We boys were staying in the Frank Smith home during her illness and continued to stay there until after Christmas that year. I remember

the little metal truck that I received for Christmas the year before. I still have it and treasure it because it is the last Christmas present Mama gave me.

I have pleasant memories of Mama going upstairs with us as we went to bed, telling us Bible stories and teaching us to say our prayers before we went to sleep. Many times during the day time hours, wanting to ask her some question, I would enter her room and find her kneeling beside her bed in prayer.

Daddy had quite a load during these years. Everyone wondered how he could raise a family on such a small income. If I remember correctly daddy was getting about 200 or 225 dollars a year.

The next year after mama died, we moved to Prairie Center, near Edgerton, Kansas. I finished grade school in the little country school at Prairie Center.

In 1936 I went to Haviland to go to school in the Academy at Friends Bible College. I stayed with Lowell and Jo and washed dishes and tried to earn my board and keep. This was a hard year for us all, as that was the winter that Doris was born and Lowell and Jo were having a struggle to make ends meet.

After my Freshman year at Haviland, I went to Texas to live with the Browns and help with the farm work there. I went to High School in Booker. These were interesting years and I had many experiences. I think now that it is a wonder I ever came out of them all. I got rather carried away by some of my associates and wandered from the Lord's will for my life. I did a lot of things that I would be ashamed to tell anyone and would certainly not want to put in this book. This all shows, however that prayers,are answered eventually. I believe that my mother's prayers, and also those of many other loved ones were answered, when one day while

I was milking it seemed to me that the Lord was coming right through the door of the barn any minute. I had the feeling that I wouldn't be ready to meet Him. I asked Grandpa Brown, a Godly man, if he would pray with me. He immediately jumped up from his cow, and I jumped up from mine. We went into the milk house and got down on our knees and I prayed through to victory. That happened during my senior year in High School. I guess it was in the nick of time as I had been making plans to go to a state college in Texas. I had been Valedictorian of the class that year and had several offers of scholarships. I really felt I should go back to Haviland for Junior College work, but it was a hard decision to make, as my Superintendent in Booker had helped me to make arrangements to enter college in Texas. At Haviland, I would have no scholarship, no close friends and no money. (However they did give me a music scholarship later) I had written to Haviland saying I was not coming to school, but just before the mail went I got the letter out of the box and wrote another one saying I would enter school there.

When I reached Haviland that fall I didn't have a place to stay. Someone told me that Clarkson Hinshaw sometimes kept boys in his home. I went to see him and asked if he wanted someone to stay with him during the school year. He answered that he did not, but as I turned to leave he asked me, "What did you say your name was?" I told him. He said, "What relation are you to Leroy Thornburg?" I told him he was my father. He said, "Come on back here." I went in and talked with him for some time, and as a result he asked me to stay in his home that winter. I suppose his having known daddy for quite some time made him change his mind. I stayed with him all during the time I was in Haviland Junior College.

It was during this time that I met my "Fair Lady" Esther Davis. WE started going together and had quite a wonderful romance during those

days at Friends Bible College. On June 21, 1942, we were married at E Emporia, Kansas in the old church which has since burned and been replaced.

Wanting to go to school, we moved to Wichita in the fall. I got sick and couldn't work. I was also trying to pastor a little called Greencastle, out in the country south of Wichita. It seemed everything was against us. Then Prairie Vale Friends Church, near Coldwater gave us a call to come there as pastor. We gave up our school work at Friends U. and moved to Prairie Vale. We really rattled around in that big parsonage, with no furniture to our names and just the two of us. At the end of that pastoral year I felt I must go to school, so we loaded all of our belongings in our old Chrysler and headed for Idaho, to go to Northwest Nazarene College. All the money we had amounted to about $45.00 and we didn't quite know how we were going to make it. But the Lord supplied all our needs. We were offered an opportunity to conduct the music at a summer camp in Colorado, which paid us about $20.00. Then we went on to Grand Junction, Colo. and held some services there in the Gospel Tabernacle. From that they gave us a free honeymoon, by paying all of our expenses for a weel's vacation in the mountains at Grand Mesa, near the lakes. That was quite a treat for us.

Before we resumed our journey we sold our Chrysler and bought a big, old Studebaker, a regular limousine. We canned peaches in Colorado and loaded our car full, then went on to Idaho. When we reached Idaho we sold our Studebaker, so then were on foot for some time.

I was very busy, going to school part time, working part time and teaching part time. I directed the band and taught piano in the college. I worked at C.C. Anderson's shoe store in the afternoons, selling shoes, going to school in the mornings. We were there for one semester, when something happened to change the direction of our lives. Paul had had a

terrible accident on his way back to Newberg. (In the winter time he was going to Pacific College in Newberg) They sent word for me to come over and see about him. This was the first time I had ever been in Newberg, the year being 1943. When I learned of the college there and the Bible Department under the direction of Gervas Carey, it seemed to be just whatI had been looking for. I had been studying the Nazarene textbooks and now I wanted something with the Quaker background. So, in the middle of the year we loaded everything in trunks, boarded a bus and moved to Newberg. Esther wasn't too strong, as we were expecting a new member of the family in the near future. We attempted to get special permission from the rationing board for extra gas so that we could move by car, but were not granted it. We landed in Newberg in the middle of the night with our trunks and didn't even know where our apartment was, which we had rented in advance. The Lloyd Kressman family came to our rescue and invited us in. We stayed with them in the parsonage until we were able to get settled in our own apartment. We felt that Kressmans were sort of God-parents to us during this time.

By June, 1944, I had started teaching at George Fox, or Pacific College as it was known then, going to college also and working when I could. I worked in a Mortuary part of the time, playing the organ and assisting with funerals. I worked in a float plant, building life rafts for the Navy. I also got into the toy manufacturing business. All this, while trying to go to school and raise a family made life quite complicated at times. I taught art and during one year was in charge of the whole music department, until Roy Clark came to help out the next year. I taught about 50 piano students a week, had a music appreciation class and 2 art classes. We finally saw the day when our new music and art building was constructed, which was quite an accomplishment.

I graduated from Pacific College in 1946 with a B.A. degree, a major in English Literature and a minor in Music. I was unable to get a degree in music from this college, but am sure that I had enough hours for it if it had been offered.

During the summer of 1946 I took the Kingsmen quartette, of which Paul was a member, on a summer tour of 13,000 miles. We had a service practically every night for 3 months. We toured all over the western part of the U.S. Esther visited her parents in Emporia during this time, then joined us on the balance of the trip as we came back from Kansas.

On July 19, 1947, our son Bobby was born.

During the year of 1947, my heavy schedule began to tell on me, and I began to have nervous difficulties. At least I was told it was from overwork. I had to quit teaching and stay in a rest home for a few months. It seemed to be a long, hard process, getting back on my feet again, and when I did I had to give up the teaching end of my work. That seemed to be something I could never do again.

For a change of pace, we decided to go back to Kansas. About this time Prairie Vale again gave us a call to come as pastor. This was quite a coincidence as they had before this given Hubert a call. He didn't feel feel quite clear in going there, but just because they had asked him so definitely he thought he perhaps should accept. Then after he had told them he would come he began to wish he hadn't done so. He found I was coming to Kansas and suggested to them that I go there as pastor instead of him. This was satisfactory to all. This was the third time I had lived in the pasronage at Prairie Vale. This term of service we were there for 4 years, from 1948 to 1951. We had our ups and downs, too. I had a re-occurrence of my nervous trouble and had to go back to Oregon to the mountains for a rest during one summer.

After being there four years we felt that I should go into full time evangelistic work, so we bought a house trailer and sold all our extra belongings, took Anne and Bobby and started out on the road. (We bought our trailer from the Lloyd Kressmans) While we were on the road Esther taught Anne and Later I taught Bobby. I wasn't such a good teacher.

We were in meetings all over Kansas Yearly Meeting, wherever we were called. For the first 6 months, Roy Knight and wife went along in their trailer home and worked with us. He preached part of the time and I preached part of the time. He helped me so much in getting started. After six months they went their way and we went on alone. Since that time it has been mostly that kind of work, except for time spent working for the Hammond Organ Company.

In 1954 I had a chance to go overseas with the Four Flats Quartette on a "World Vision" tour of pastor's conferences in 7 different countries. We felt that this was an opportunity I should take. Esther stayed in Friendswood, Texas, where the children went to school. She also got a job working in the office at the Friendswood Schools.

This trip was a wonderful experience for me, visiting the many countries and having opportunities to minister to others. I took my drawing equipment and accordian, my Gospel Magic, and I also accompanied the Quartette. I had many services by myself, as in many countries there were so many calls we just broke up our group and went to various places, separately. We visited Japan, Korea, Okinawa and the Phillipine Islands. We were also in Hong Kong, China, and Formosa and held services in all these places. We stopped in Hawaii for a time and ministered there also.

During this trip I received a definite Missionary Vision for Formosa which has never left me to this day. The contacts I made during that trip resulted in our going back as a family in 1956, taking our whole truck-

load of instruments and touring the cities of Formosa. On the way we went to Japan and spent 2 weeks, then stopped in Okinawa for a time, then on to Formosa.

After being there in Formosa for a time we saw opportunities to help in so many places. We helped to start a number of churches which together totaled 7 or 8. We turned the support of some of these over to the Ohio Mission. We still have 3 churches which look to us for support.

On our way back we stopped at Hong Kong for several days and got caught in some communist riots there which gave us quite a scare. We finally were ushered out of the country by British machine gun armored car escorts. We were very thankful to get out. When we boarded the place at Hong Kong we were praising the Lord for His protective Hand over us .

Another narrow escape we had also made us aware of God's Hand on our lives. We got off a Pan American plane in Hawaii one day which the next day went on towards America and had to ditch in the Ocean.

After we returned from Formosa, our little baby girl was born Jan. 28, 1957. Esther had been very sick and the trip hadn't been good for her. The baby died at birth. This was quite a disappointment to all of us and it seemed that we had come to the world's end. Things looked very dark. We were struggling to get support for the churches we had helped to launch in Formosa, I was unable to get much work, and Esther was sick. We tried running a little cafe for a while, then an art shop. Finally I got a job with the Hammond Organ Co. in Houston. I worked for them for 2 years.

On Sept. 3, 1958, Lonnie, our second son was born. About this time we began to feel a pull toward evangelistic work in the west. After coming to Newberg for a meeting in 1958 we decided to move back there and take up evangelistic work. In moving out here it seemed we were so far behind in so many ways that I decided to take up some other sort of work also,

until we could get on our feet. I started working with the Sherman Clay Music Co. in Portland. We had got a big, old truck and loaded our things in it in Texas and brought the car and truck both with us. Kathryn Cheng was here in the States going to school, from our Mission in Formosa. She went out with us in order to attend school at George Fox College.

I worked until the fall of 1961 with the organ company in Portland, managing one of the Sherman Clay stores, meanwhile holding weekend meetings. I had meetings almost every week-end until in July of 1961 when I became very sick. The Doctor said that I was either going to have to quit work at the music store or quit my church work. I again went into Evangelistic work and since September of 1961 have been working full time. It has been wonderful, the ministry that we have had here with the Free Methodists, Nazarenes and Quakers.

There are many other stories that time and space would not permit me to tell. In closing, I want to say that it has been wonderful to have had a father, mother home and brothers and sisters such as I have had. I hope that all of us as a family will live so that we will some day have not only a reward in Heaven for living for Him, but will also have some sheaves to take along with us, from the souls that we have won to Christ.

The following will consist of portions of letters and "Gospelaire Newsletters" sent by Herschel and Esther during the time they were planning for and working in the Mission Churches in Formosa. (Audrey)

Taken from a newsletter in May, 1956: "The time is now approaching when we will soon be winging our way to the Orient lands, the Lord willing. My intrepreter, Samuel Cheng, writes that they would like to be able to put up a large bamboo tabernacle in Taipei, if possible, to hold special meetings. Just in regular services they had as many as 1000 in attendance and no place to meet. This could be a nucleus for another church to be organized, if some kind of building can be provided. He asked me to pray that this may be possible"

From a Newsletter dated June 7, 1956: "This particular day finds the Thornburgs in the state of Oregon on the way to Formosa. We have been busily engaged in getting the panel truck loaded with instruments and supplies ready for overseas shipment. The truck left the port of Houston, May 24, on board the boat "The Brenner Fish, for it's long ride to Formosa"

The following is a portion of a mimeographed letter sent to relatives and friends in the states:

Taipei, Taiwan
Aug. 16,1956

Dear Ones:

Amidst the rush of a busy life in Formosa I am starting a letter that will have to take the place of many personal letters.

First, about ourselves--We have begun to get somewhat accustomed to the life here, and yet there is never a day passing but that we think of all the blessings and conveniences of America. We are thankful that we were able to bring many things with us that constantly give us a little touch of home. We have enjoyed the powdered milk whibh makes a very nourishing chocolate drink. Our big problem is keeping water boiled ahead and cooled for drinking. Our refrigeration facilities are very limited,

something wet is really the main thing. We have all had our upset or sick stomachs, and Esther is not very well at the present. The many smells and odors that come in from the nearby streets and gutters do not help one's digestion. Bobby and Anne seem to take things in their stride and get along very well. I think Bobby has learned the most Chinese.

I went to the market today and got leeks, water chestnuts, bamboo shoots and fresh bean sprouts for a Chinese dinner. The total cost for it and pork loin for our lunch was less than 25¢, U.S. money. The safety factor in buying these vegetables is that we cook the germs to death.

We received untold blessing from the Missionary Conference held at Sun Moon Lake. Over 300 Missionaries met for their annual meeting. We furnished the music and a speaker from Australia brought such wonderful messages on revival and being filled with the Holy Spirit. I guess the Lord knew we needed such a boost for we felt the heavenly touch of God on our own souls. We came back down to Taipei and started in on a 10 day meeting and it seems as though God is continuing His blessings as we have seen at least 40 or 50 sould seeking God at each service. I have to preach through two interpreters, so by the time I deliver a 15 minute sermon it takes 45 minutes.

Last night I had a service at one of our own Friends chapels. This one is Sun Shan. The house was crowded to capacity as they announced to the people that this was now a Quaker church, and would continue to be from then on. It was so crowded that there was no room for people to come forward but after the message nearly 30 stood to their feet and accepted Christ, after praying the prayer of confession for their sins.

We are all happy in the work of the Lord.

Yours in His service-Herschel, Esther
Anne and Bobby

Following are portions of letters received after their return to the States in Dec. 1956.

"Thanks so much for your letters and prayers and faithfulness in your mission support. Our fellow-worker Samuel Cheng, said that from his records, over 3000 souls were definitely won to the Lord during our short period of ministry on the Island of Formosa. We had opportunities to minister in every major city of Formosa and to minister through fifteen different missionary organizations in churchs, hospitals, schools, jails and radio outlets. God also gave us the opportunity to set up two new churches in the name of Evangelical Friends in Formosa. These two churches are located in cities of over 60,000 population where the Gospel is not being preached.

On the last Sunday before we came home we had special services for the taking in of 28 new members. I was also privileged to introduce them to their first testimony meeting. At first they didn't know what I meant but soon they caught on to the idea and as different ones gave their testimonies, one could feel and sense the blessing of God upon the service."

Taken from a newsletter of April, 1957

"We have simply trusted the burden of the Formosa Missionary work into the hands of God, know that is it His work. Samuel Cheng writes that the work is growing every week. The Non Kong church organized last July has a Sunday attendance of 200. This is really not so great a number when you remember that in a city of 60,000 people there is no other church with a message of salvation. The church will seat only 50 or 60 people, so you can well inagine the overflow in the streets.

May we as Christians never lose the vision of Jesus, intended for His church when He said: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Yours in the interest of lost souls everywhere,

Herschel, Esther, Anne and Bobby.

Paul Eugene Thornburg

Since most of my early childhood has already been covered in the family history, I was asked to begin my portion of this story with an account of my conversion and my spiritual growth through the years.

The first knowledge of a feeling of sin in my life came at 5 years of age when I kept back a penny of ththe money so that I could send it with Daddy when he went away to Yearly Meeting and so he could bring something home to me. Never did I dream where he would ask where it came from. My conscience was awakened and so was my trouser seat. The Lord spoke to me definitely when 6 years old just prior to Mama's passing. In the summer of 1932 a Brother Carnes from the South, was preaching in a camp meeting held south of Coldwater, in Carmichel's Grove. He and his family sang, "When the Saints go marching in," and he preached a real message on sin which left me with the awful realization that I was lost. Many a time earlier I had found tears in my eyes when an altar call was given, even at 4 years of age, and used to hold a song book close so others wouldn"t see my face. Or I would lie down and pretend I was asleep, but I didn't know why or what was wrong. But this August evening I knew for certain what was wrong and Bro. Carnes gave a real solution. So without hesitation I went forward and prayed. I'm sure that some thought very little of that skinny, undersized 6 year old at the altar, but to me it was a glorious transaction. I can never forget it. He made me feel guiltless and the ride home in our Model A Ford with Herschel, Hubert, Audrey and the Weeks twins, who were visiting us, was a great ride. I was conscious of an overwhelming love for Jesus and for others, no matter what they might say or do.

That same winter mamma was taken from us and I threw myself down on the bed and sobbed, but alone in that room His presence became real and He

promised to be with me. I have never talked or said much of that experience but He was very real. There were the characteristic ups and downs of childhood, but never was I able to forget Him. At 12 I prayed for Sanctification but was never able to get clear witness so ceased to pray about it and tried to walk on in the light. One promise Jesus gave me when 6 andone half year, was that He would be near and there would be a mother. This was fulfilled when daddy remarried. That was a real high point in my life as for between 3 and 4 years I craved the love and blessing of a mother. I thanked Him often when our dear Mother came to live with us. Being the youngest, I often prayed for a brother or sister as the others were gone away to school. This became a reality when Elda Ann came and many happy days were passed helping raise her and playing together. At 14 I left home to go and work for Grandpa and grandma Brown. They were wonderful to me but I grew very homesick, tho I didn't want any one to know. This drew me near to the Lord in hay-mow prayer meeting and cryings, in a new way. The next year I went to Haviland Academy and really enjoyed the Christian atmosphere. Here I grew Spiritually with regular rendezvous in the prayer room there.

The summer I was 15 I had the first real joy of winning another man to Christ while working in Darrouzett, Texas. The next year when I was 16 years old, I knew without a doubt that the Holy Spirit had taken over my life, and He came to rule and to guide, This was with so much assurance and in such a measure that I felt I would burst with joy and glory, and wondered if I would live, but I didn't care. Self was put under and He was enthroned. Other souls were won after that. There were ups and downs, even in the Sanctified life, learning discipline of being in Him, Not in emotions, or feelings of imiginations. The lowest lows were higher than the highest ups had been in my previous life. Since that time He has led in many ways,

We praise Him for Salvation, for His great love and sacrifice and blessings.

IN the fall of 1937, when we moved to Lipscomb, Texas, from Prairie Center, I was ready for the 6th grade. I went through the 6th and 7th grades, and graduated, ready for High School, as was the custom in the schools there. During my first summer here I worked for Wendell Hughes (mother's nephew) at a filling station, in order to help pay some of my school expenses. I enrolled as a Freshman in High School at Lipscomb when I was 13 years old. In my spare time I worked in the court house, doing typing in order to make money for the things I needed while going to school. When I was 14 years old I went to live with Grandpa and Grandma Brown, so entered the Booker High School for my Sophomore Year.

During the summer I worked in a store in Darrouzett, Texas, so that I could save money for my Junior year which I spent in the Friends Haviland Academy. This was in 1941. I had a room at the home of Mrs. Hargadine. In exchange for milking a cow for her and selling the milk, I received a pint of milk a day, and my room.

During my Senior year I stayed with Hubert and Vivian who were living in the same little house that Lowell and Jo lived in at one time during their stay in Haviland. It was located across the street west of the school and was called the Overman house. Anyone that ever spent a winter in that house is not apt to forget how the wind could whistle in through the cracks, and how small the rooms were, especially the one bedroom.

During my senior year I started studying piano seriously, under the direction of Miss Schaffer. I also took some college and Bible classes. In 1943, I graduated from the High School department of the school.

After school was out I got a chance to ride to California with one of the teachers who was going to Los Angeles. I helped to do some of the

driving. I then went to Oakland where Aunt Gladys and Uncle Lout Hughes were living. I found a job in a filling station there which enable me to save some money for another year of school.

That fall I took a bus to Newberg, where I enrolled in school. By going to summer school, I was able to graduate in 3 years. In 1946 I received my B.A. Degree. During this year of 1946 I was fortunate to meet Leona Harris who was enrolled as a Freshman in college there.

During the winter of 1946-47 I taught music and art in the Spring - brook Grade School. I also took some post-graduate work while teaching these two years.

Leona and I were not able to see much of each other during this time, as during the months of July and August of 1946, I traveled with a quartette through several states of the west and north-west holding services and representing our school.

Leona was a Sophomore, when after promising her mother that I would see to it that she was able to finish her college work, we were married. The day was June 27, 1947. That summer I was going to summer school at Monmouth, Oregon. Times were very hard for us this first year, but we shared them together, and were happy in spite of ir all. We lived in one little room, with a small electric hot-plate on which to do our cooking, what food we had to cook. For an extra treat we would try to get an ice cream cone or two a week, and share it together. The battery in our car wore out and we could not afford another one, so we would start out , both of us pushing it and when it would finally start, we would jump in and drive off.

That fall I started teaching in a country grade school at West Chehalem, Oregon. I was also the Principal. I taught here 2 years, during 1948-49. Leona was at the same time finishing her Junior and Senior year

in college and graduated in the spring of 1949. The following summer I spent in summer school.

During the years of 1949-50, I was the Principal of the Junior High Dept. and also taught grades 7,8 and 9 at the Salem Christian Academy. At the same time Charleton Smitherman was Principal of the Senior High School.

I received a call to teach in the Academy at Friends Bible College, so moved there in the summer of 1950..I attended summer school at Emporia State Teacher's College also that summer, working towards my Masters. In the fall I began teaching music and some other subjects in the Academy and at the same time working as assistant pastor at the Haviland Friends Church. Leona had taken the job of helping cook in the dormitory of the school there. We were at Haviland from 1950- 53, Our first son, Phillip Bryan was born at Greensburg on Nov. 11, 1951. That summer I drove to Wichita and took a course in piano tuning.

During July and August in the summer of 1952, we went to Friendswood, Texas, to fill in for Wayne Conant, the pastor there. While there we began to feel God speaking to us about entering Mission work. We could not understand just what God wanted of us, but had no other desire but to follow the leading of the Spirit.

After we were back in Haviland that fall, We spoke to Alden Pitts, pastor of the Friends church there, and told him of our concern about the mission field. With his guidance we put in our application to the Mission Board of Kansas Yearly Meeting, and waited for further leading from the Lord. We thought that maybe He wanted us to give more to Mission work, se we gave all we possibly could. We still didn't feel clear about His will for us so continued to pray that it might be made plain. After much prayer it was made clear to us that God was calling for us to go to the

Mission Field, ourselves.

On December 14, 1952, our second son, Randall Paul, was born at Greensburg, Kansas.

We learned that the Mission Board would accept us for work in Africa, but that we would have to study French and would have to have valid teaching certificates. This was no small order with two small boys to care for. In the summer of 1953 we sold all our furniture, got in our car and moved to Wichita. While there attending Friends University, we lived in the Mission House, provided by Kansas Yearly Meeting for their missionaries. Words cannot express our appreciation for our friend, Pauline McClure, who gave her summer fo the care of our boys while we were in school.

In the fall of 1953, we moved to Emporia where I studied until I had obtained my M.S. Degree in the spring of 1954. While there both Leona and I were studying French. This was a hard winter for us, as we had very little income. I would tune pianos during the evenings and at night. Also we were serving as pastors at Twin Mound Friends Church, located in the country several miles from Emporia. Though we had many hardships the Lord was always faithful to meet our needs. Though our food was not fancy, we never went hungry.

After much hard work crating furniture and packing barrels and boxes, we left the United States for a year of study in Belgium in August of 1954.

(The following pages will consist of portions of letters received from Paul and Leona during their one year stay in Belgium and 5 years in Africa. I feel this will be the best way to tell the story of their years of Mission work. Audrey)

16 Rue de Lausanne
Bruxelles, Belgium
August 29, 1954

Dear folks:

We would have written before this but have been very unsettled and are just now getting strung out.

After leaving the U.S.A. we saw mothing but water for many days. Finally we came to Ireland. That was the first good sunshine we had seen and the land surely looked good. We next went to Southampton, England, then crossed into the English channel to France. The English Channel was really rough, wprse than any day on the ocean and we really had to take sea-sick pills but managed to keep everything down. We were soon into Rotterdam inlet. It is a great sight to see them take the cargo from the boats and to strain your eyes for your own stuff Our car was about the 6th auto out and we were really glad because we had our luggage out in the mist and were sitting on it and the boys were cold. We were re-leivedto see something which looked like home, the good old Chevie.

After getting in the car and leaving the pier in Rotterdam we found ourselves in the midst of bicycles, tiny cars and constant honking, all signs were foreign and when we would inquire they couldn't understand us and we couldn't understand them. We had a faint idea of the direction to go and started out on the largest road we could see. We studied what maps we had and finally got on a grand four lane highway. This road led to Antwerp, Belgium, and after getting through Belgium customs, we went on to Brussels. I don't know how to describe the street pattern here.

There are no square blocks,in fact no blocks, just angling streets often joining with 5 to 6 at each intersection and once in a while, four. I can get lost only 2 blocks from our house. I started to drive to town the way I always go and usual street was blocked and I had to go one street over and I got on the wrong angle street and wound up on the oposite side of town. We finally located the Protestant Headquarters and were very glad to meet Me. Coxill who promptly located us in a hotel and invited us ti Missionary's prayer meeting that night. They gave us leads on where to find apartments. These apartments are typical Flats stacked from 4 to 6 or 7 stories high. The people are very frugal and thrifty. Stoves are small and burn little fuel(heat little also). Cars are small, use little gas. Stores are tiny and sell only one type of thing. There were no refrigerators in any of the apartments we looked at, ours had no hot water for the kitchen and has a little tiny heater which heats water as you draw it for the bathroom and it is little more than "luke warm".

Our apartment is located on the second floor of a 4 story house. We pay 2500 franks per month for rent which is the same as $50.00. We had to give a 5000 frank guarantee with the first months rent. This guarantee will be returned when we leave if we don't break things up or ruin the apartment, it also tends to keep one from leaving and moving to another apartment because if you make the owners disgusted they could refuse to grant the refund. We also pay for our gas for cooking, coal for heating and water and electricity.

Now a word or two more about our boat ride over. The catholics were very much in evidence and they had daily services for their people and cards announcing the Sunday service. I noticed that there was no notice of the Protestant service and felt that something must be done so went to the chief steward and asked about it. He said that no one had offered their

services and he didn't guess they would have any services. So I offered mine then and there and they came later and asked me to have the service. There were many different denominations of all classes and walks of life and I tried to be all things to all men, so opened with a stately First church type of hymn and then went on to "Let the Lower Lights be Burning,"and from thence to a testimony meeting. One lady testified and gave a wonderful witness to the saving and keeping power of Christ. One man testified in broken dutch and then asked if he might give his testimony in plain dutch. He was a Dutch minister, as far as I know the only other Protestant minister on the ship. I gave the message on faith, necessity for Salvation, for daily walk and for keeping power. There was a good audience of about 140, and ever so many thanked me for going ahead with the service.

We are praying that He will keep us on our toes spiritually in the busy rush of study an d school that is nearing and that you at home will be blessed by His nearness and grace."

Love, Paul, Leona, Randy and Phillip

Bruxelles, Belgium
Nov. 28,1954

Dear Ones:

"Since we last wrote we have been plunged deeply into school. The classes are 3 hours long and we sit on round stools without backs and have a small work table in front of us. Our professor is quite harsh in his method but I guess he has to be for we are getting a two year normal course, plus being in a foreign language, all in several months, and he being our language instructor knows that his foundation will make or break us in the finals which are all in French and very stiff. I must say that this is the hardest I have ever studied in my life."

The following is taken from a letter mailed from Brussells some time in the spring of 1955:

"We just received a good letter from Randall and Sarah Brown in the Congo. Each day we are getting more anxious to get finished here and get out there to tackle that "Kirundi" language which I'm sure will make French seem like child's play, anyway that's what I've been told. The day is certainly past when a missionary, like some of our Quaker forefathers, used to feel the call and just go. There is certainly a lot of preparation involved and then it is several years after beginning on the field until one is of real value to the work."

I'm glad to say that our Lord is faithful and the greatest lesson yet is a quiet conscious knowledge of His precious presence in my heart at all moments. After some of the dats of class when the Prof. ranted and raved and had us all on edge, I discovered that a glib testimony as to the peace of God in my heart was one thing and putting all the promises of God concerning peace of heart and mind under "fire" was "tout a fait" as the French say, different.

We pray for you folks at home. WE realize that our work is not one bit more important than yours, in the class room, on the farm, in the pulpit, in the kitchen. We feel indebted to you in so many ways. We are debtors to many but there is no way to repay but to give our best in service for Him and the Congo. We might liken our individual work to the lace-makers here in Belgium. In order to be a lace maker one should stzrt at the age of five and often in a life time they learn only one pattern. Still others only learn one part of a pattern and that is put together with others. We have seen some of this beautiful lace which represents the efforts of many persons."

(In July plans were made for Leona and the boys to go by plane to

Africa. As a new baby was expected in October, Leona wanted to get there and get settled in their new home. A plane reservation was made for them for August 19. Paul writes from Brussells, Belgium on August 20, 1955:

"I am glad school is over and I wish to thank you for your prayers and interest. I passed all my courses so can leave here next Friday. I won't go into detail about the courses and the tests only that the tests were oral, blackboard work, diagrams and illustrations, but we were all plenty xcared, lost several pounds, studied till wee hours and prayed also before, during and between each exam. for clear minds and that the professors would not be prejudiced against us. I don't want any of our letters to frighten any of our prospective yound missionaries. "ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE" I made it with average abilities plus the help of the Lord.

Yesterday was the departure day for Leona, Phillip and Randy by plane. As I write this they are now in Leapoldville, Congo-Belge waiting another plane to take them to Usumbura where some of our missionaries will meet them.

It is wonderful to hear of those who have made new starts and dedications recently. Everyone today is feverishly taking every kind of precaution concerning insurance, education, social security, etc., but the never dying soul is ever neglected. How thankful I am for having had the opportunity to be in a Christian home. There are so many who havn't heard. There are millions in Europe and more in Africa. The cults are making strides here. Materialism is the god of the majority. Our greatest problem, as Christians, is to keep ourselves and our personal ideas from interferring with what Christ himself wants to do through us. This is our last letter from Belgium. Thanks for helping to make this a good year by your thoughtful letters, cards and prayer."

In His service, Paul

(Miriam Elaine was born in Africa on Oct. 4, 1955.)

Kivimba, Urundi
Dec. 19, 1955

Dear folks:

We have started housekeeping here at home since last Wednesday, which was quite an event for us. The boys were so excited about eating at home they could hardly eat! The first day we had three houseboys of our own and one of Marjorie's to help get the others started. We seem to have a pretty good bunch of boys and they are somewhat used to white people's Kirundi, so between both of us guessing what the other is trying to say, we are getting along. I know it must sound strange to you to think that we have three boys, but there are so many things you have to do here that you don't have to at home that it is impossible to do them all by yourself. We have to cook the milk, cook the water, make bread, make practically everything we eat, besides all the other housework and entertain a lot of company, so it is more than we can do.

We are getting along fine. Miriam smiles and coos now and is so much fun. We do thank the Lord for our little girl as well as our boys."

Love, Paul, Leona and children.

Following are portions of other letters written during the year 1956:

"we are made to realize our extreme isolation here by the fact that when a human dies there must be a burial within 24 hours for we have no undertaking facilities. Everyone agrees that we should always have a casket made on hands, but none of us men can get very "hepped" up to build one. A sort of strange situation.

We are still in rainy season and lightning is so sharp. Randall Brown was struck but survived, the same bolt killed a native girl standing under a light socket. George Thomas was knocked down but unhurt. We are all discussing lightning rods and arresters!

"Our mail comes only once a week. The mail system is not up to stage coach yet for our porters go on foot or bicycle. You think, "Why don't they take the car and go to Usumbura or Kitega to speed up the mail a little" I wondered that too before I came here, but now I know why we don't do it. Out here we drive just as little as possible, because we live in the mountains and travel roads that are made by hand. Never have they been touched by machine or graders. Only shovels, baskets and hoes, sometimes by wheelbarrow. I took one trip from Usumburs to get my car when it came from Belgium. That one trip finished my shock absorbers. I had to replace all four. They cost about 4 times more here than in the states, consequently I have Sears orders for them. The roads are a combination of saber-tooth washboard with snake curves. We met trucks twice and once we had to take to the side because the road wasn't wide enough. There was a three hundred foot drop if we went to far. My wheels got off the path and the rock edge hit the center axel, but our momentum and Divine aid kept us from going over."

We tore out the reed ceiling in the kitchen and put in a plaster (mud and manure) one and guess what,there was a ring tailed wild cat there. They keep the rats down and seem to be harmless unless cornered. We didn't try to corner it."

In April of 1958, Leona wrote: "I preached my first sermon in Kirundi a little over a month ago. I had it all written out so I could read when I needed to and used some flannelgraph objects. I don't feel I"m a preacher in English le t alone in Kirundi, but the Lord helped me."

"I have been spending most of my time trying to get ready for my Kirundi exam. Last week I went to Mutaho on Tuesday and stayed until yesterday to study with Esther and Reta. Paul and I both took our written exam yesterday and are to take the oral one on the 6th of Oct.

I'll be glad when it is all over. The Lord has helped me and I thank Him for it. I know people have been praying for me, too."

Dec. 1958: "We praise the Lord for helping Leona pass her Kirundi exam, among many other things we have to be thankful for."

May 26, 1959: We have just 6 weeks left here in Urundi before we leave for the States and a year of furlough. The time goes by so swiftly. I'm trying to start doing some packing and some sewing."

(In spite of all these plans, conditions changed on the Mission Field so that their return to the States in 1959 was canceled. This was a great disappointment to all, but was borne with good grace, since it must have been the Lord's will. By this time they were expecting a new addition to the family, due sometime during the coming April)

The following is taken from a letter written in December, 1959:

"We are going to change our plans for coming home and fly straight home instead of stopping places to see the sights. We will fly on July 26th unless plans change. That will make the baby about three months old and able to make the trip alright, I think. The children are really thrilled with the prospects of a little sister or brother and we all think it will be nice."

April, 1960: "Ruth Miller was telling about one of her worship services with the younger children in the Missionary school just before their prayers. One little boy spoke up and said there was one thing for which he'd asked the Lord over and over and nothing happened and that was for a baby at their house. Phillip spoke up and said, "Well, we prayed and we're going to have a baby at our house during Easter vacation." The other boy said, "You lucky dogs." Some parents might be amazed about the things their children ask the Lord for!"

May 5, 1960: Just a short letter to let you know that we have a

sweet new baby boy at our house. He was born May 1st, Sunday at 9:50 P.M. here at our house with Perry Rawson, Clara Sparks, a Free Methodist nurse and Paul assisting. He weighed just under 6 lbs. and is 20 inches long and we have named him Kenneth Lynn. He is a good baby and eats and sleeps well.

The children's patience and faith about wore out before the baby got here. Phillip kept saying, "The baby is never going to come and we are never going home to America." We hope he will have more faith for going home since the baby has finally come."

Following is a portion of a mimeographed letter written by Leona to the Missionary Societies of Kansas Yearly Meeting.

Dear Friends:

Not long before we left Africa the Lord gave me this promise for our trip home, found in Isiah 55"12. "For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace." In leaving when we did we knew we were going to be in Leopoldville so close to the time of Independence for the Congolese and we had to be there two days. Some said,"Aren't you afraid to be there then?" We said "No", not thinking too seriously about it. Now as we see what has happened there, beginning just hardly a week after we were there we rejoice in the Lord and praise Him again for His leading us forth "with peace" If we had been only a few days later we would have been in the midst of the trouble.

On Tuesday, the 21st of June, Alfred Miller came for us to take us to Usumbura, and after saying goodby to the Missionaries and Africans gathered around, we started on our way.

Wednesday noon we drove out to the new modern airport in Usumbura to get on the plane. We got to Leopoldville about 5:30 P.M. but it was about threehours later before we finally got to our hotel. The bus into

town was so slow and stopped so many places.

We spent Thursday and part of Friday in Leopoldville and during that time the Africans were holding their elections choosing their leaders. We didn't dream then that in a little more than a week later Leopoldville would be the seat of so much trouble and turmoil. We boarded a Pan American plane Friday noon and were on our way again. Dakar was our last stop before starting across the Atlantic Ocean, which was the longest hop of our journey. We didn't land again until we arrived at the New York airport. We flew close to the Bermuda Islands and were able to look down and see them. Flying across the ocean we crossed four time belts plus one we had already crossed. Saturday as we were flying along they announced on the plane loud speaker that it was 10:30 in the morning and my watch said 2:30 in the afternoon, so I had to set it back. It really seemed like a long day.

We arrived at Idlewilde Airport in New York about 12:30 noon, went through customs and got a bus over to the other airport to wait for our plane out for Tulsa about 4:30. As soon as we boarded the plane and were in the air they began serving supper. The children were so tired that they went to sleep and we couldn't get them awake to eat so decided to let them sleep. In fact, they slept all the way to Tulsa and we could hardly get them awake to get off the plane. We were the last ones off and Paul's folks who were waiting to meet us thought we weren't on it. What a joyful time it was seeing Mother and Daddy Thornburg, Elda Ann and Sheldon Cox and many others from Tulsa and Vera Meetings who were gathered to meet us. Surely the Lord had kept His promise all along the way and had brought us home to America again with joy and peace."

The following is a copy of an article written by Paul and printed in the "Southwest Friend" shortly after their arrival in the States:

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

"It's surely good to be home. Two things seem to be outstanding, the first is the radical change we see about us and the second thing (strange as it may seem) is the lack of change we see in many cases. Take people, for instance; some have shcnged so much that had I seen them on the street without knowing them by their surroundings or other clues, I would never be able to recognize them. Then there are others who seem to have been preserved and seem not a day older although we have been away 6 years.

There's the good old "Dime Store", same as ever;no change-but wait-look at some of the products! What's this? What do you use that for? Oh, don't you know---it's been in a long time. (Spray net, for example, we never heard of before, much less seen)

The children saw their first real train after we landed and I was amused when I saw their eyes eagerly watching a man on the side walk of New York as he hurried along licking an ice cream cone. I don't remember of seeing that in Africa.

Then the food. I sunk into a slice of watermelon up to my eyes. Something we hadn't seen for so long, but the children weren't too excited about trying something new.

Churches have changed, new faces, new pastors, new buildings. And yet we see the same warmth and friendship and Christian love that has endeared our Quaker church to us.

So much for changes in America. While we were in Africa we saw more change before our eyes than that which is evident in America. In fact, things are now going so fast and changing so swiftly that I hesitate to write about things in Africa because I'm not sure thay are even that way today. We just learned that the towns we so recently

passed through, Lulabourg and Leopoldville, while to our eyes were prosperous and busy with all the shelves stacked and traffic humming, yet in a short time were paralyzed and foodless with rioting, looting, and bloodshed.

We might as well accept it. Some things are always changing and others remain changeless. We could go on with numberless instances and some things nearly brought tears to our eyes, but the greatest bulwark of stability and changlessness is our God and Savious, Jesus Christ. He is perfect, therefore needs never to seek improvement. He is eternal, therefore ageless. He is all wise and all powerful, therefore never seeks perfection. More than anything else in this world, I'm glad I belong to Him and am serving Him. How about you? What better guilt-edged bond could you posess than your knowledge of being in Him and He in you, in His company, His care and in His will?

If the past generation(which has seen more change than any 5 generations before) is any measure of the change we are in for in the future, we must anchor ourselves if we would hold steady, to the ROCK OF AGES which changeth not!"

In August 1961, after our family reunion in Oregon, Paul and family left on the long trip across the United States for New York. Here they boarded a boat for the trip to Africa.

Following is part of a letter received from them headed Mombasa, Kenya, Sept. 25, 1961: "Just a month to the day and we are here in Mombasa. We hope to get through customs in the morning and maybe start to Nairobi if all goes well. The Lord surely has given us a good trip and answered prayer for which we praise Him"

Mutaho Station, October 18, 1961: "Greetings from the dark continent. This finds us moving into Mutaho Station. Things are still topsy-turvy

because of unpacking and re-packing some things we don't yet have room for placing.

Mail is, or has been very irregular. We just got a bunch of last year's Christmas cards and papers, mailed Oct. and Nov. 1960.

We have been in good health. We travelled a lot of miles. Over 11,600 miles from Wichita to Mutaho, almost one half way around the world. The trip in by car was quite an experience. The roads, 1400 miles were bad, except for about 300 miles of pavement on Uganda. We went through an area of drouth, no rain, no grass and animals. Cows by the score were dead or dying. Later we saw giraffe, monkeys, baboons, and herds of zebra and a few ostrich, not far from our road. (If it could be called a road) It about shook us to pieces. We crossed the equator 3 times so now are back south of it in Urundi. (2times on boat and once in car) It is spring gardening time here. We are digging the garden and getting ready to plant on the hill. It is to rainy in the valley. Last night there was a bad storm. At Iweya it blew tiles off the roof and blew down trees, radio aerials and etc.

There is a bit of repair to be done here. The ferry boat is leaking and we can't cross the river to get to the outschools so I am working on it. People are coming for medecine, tooth pulling and so forth. Time is scarce " Love, Paul and all.

Elda Ann Thornburg Cox

I was the last one of the Thornburg family to appear on the scene and very soon grew tired of being referred to as "the baby of the family".

I began my life at Lipscomb, Texas. As a child I thought that Lipscomb was the garden spot of the world and planned to retire there someday. But now when I go back I see sage brush, sandy hills, and a few sprawly houses scattered around the village square, and my dreams vanish. I wonder where all the children have gone and where the lilacs are that I used to pick for my May baskets. Things are not at all as I thought they were, and I have learned that life is made up of many changes.

At the age of 8 we moved to Liberal, Kansas. It took many long weeks to get acquainted with new friends and a new school. Many tears were shed before I was happy again. Brother Paul was hardly ever at home anymore. I missed the playhouses and swings he used to make for me at Lipscomb. But soon my brother Hubert and his family moved close and helped to fill a big empty place in my life. I made new friends and enjoyed our home at Liberal. I found it hard, after 4 years there, to say goodby.

Immediately after moving to the Hesper community, I entered the 6th grade at Eudora, Kansas. We loved that part of the country with its beautiful trees, grass and flowers. It was nice to live only 12 miles from sister Audrey, and we enjoyed many happy times together.

I spent 7 very happy years at Hesper before I graduated from High School. Then the folks moved to Antioch church and I entered Jr. College at Haviland, Kansas. It was nice to be able to go home on many week ends. I enjoyed the choir trips and team trips so much. They contributed much to the strengthening of my Christian life. The year I graduated from Jr. College, I met a young man, Sheldon Cox, and life took on a new

meaning for me. Choir trips, parties and even studying in the library were more fun.

After my graduation from Jr. College the folks moved to Tulsa, Oklahoma and I entered Bethany Nazarene College. I thought the bottom had dropped out of the world when I had to leave Sheldon at Haviland for a year. After attending one semester at B.N.C., I moved to Tulsa and went to Tulsa University. It was not wonderful to be with the folks that semester and to make plans for a summer wedding. At last June 12, 1959 arrived and I went down the aisle of Tulsa Friends Church on my daddy's arm. It was the most beautiful wedding I had ever seen, I thought. My family went "all out" to make it lovely for me, and it made me love them all so much to see what they had done just for me.

Sheldon and I spent the summer in Haviland while he worked on the farm. In the fall we moved to Wichita and enrolled in Friends University. Sheldon worked in a furniture store and worked in the Better Book Room book store. After a semester, he worked full time so that I could finish college. In 1960 I received my diploma and it was a wonderful feeling to run my finters over those letters that said I had earned a B.S. degree.

All the time we were in F.U. we pastored Homestead Friends church near Emporia. We drove out each Sunday and spent the day. We hope we have been a help there. Also we know that the experiences there have been a great source of blessing to us.

The fall after graduation found me in a new adventure, teaching school. The things I learned that year far out numbered what the children learned. There will always be memories of many things, prayers before class, little notes that said, "I love you, Teacher," spankings, and a little voice that asked, "Teacher, did you live with the Pilgrims?" The constant prayer of my heart as I entered the classroom each day was

that my life could be a testimony to little underprivileged souls.

Now another semester will see Sheldon through college, and the future lies unknown. We don't worry because God holds our lives in His hands, and He knows just what we are going to do and how we are going to do it. We think a Pastor's life is the most satisfying of any, and we know what it's all about; we've both been P.K.'s all our lives.

It's interesting to look ahead and imagine what's in the future, and it's also interesting to look at the past and pick out the high-lights in one's life. I can think of many. There was the day I gave my heart to Christ--the most important one in my life. And following that I surrendered my life in consecration. I'm thankful my parents taught me how to pray when I was very small.

Daddy used to take me calling with him. Mother never said no when I asked, "Please tell me a story," and she really knew how to "play house". These things made my childhood happy. I liked to be helpful and once made a "special" pastoral call on a little girl with the mumps.

When I was in the 7th and 8th grades I was chosen to be cheer leader. Poor daddy spent many evenings getting me to the ballgames.

During my Sophomore year in High School, I was chosen best citizen in the school. This took me to Kansas City where I received a pin from the Daughters of American Revolution. I also got 2nd place in the regional Voice of Democracy contest.

The summer after I was a Junior, I won an International C.E. essay contest. The prize was $200.00 and a trip to the convention at Columbus, Ohio. I was chosen football queen's first attendant during my Senior year. This was an honor, and I felt they respected my Christian life.

In Jr. College, I won $75.00 in a student-get-student contest. This was an exciting honor.

My lovely wedding with the "most wonderful" man in the world was the second most important event in my life.

God has given me a happy life and a wonderful Christian family. For the things I've received and done I give God the glory. With such a full, happy life, I can have no doubt that God will take care of me in the future as He has in the past if I continue to serve Him.

Leroy Chester Thornburg
b 12 13 1883
m Lural Wright 9 12 1911 (1892-1932)
m Marie Brown 6 8 1935 b 1 13 1897

Lowell Wright Thornburg
b 3 17 1913 Alfalfa County, Okla.
m Josephine A. Weeks 11 8 1931 b 1 3 1912
Doris Jeannine Thornburg
b 2 25 1937 Haviland, Kansas
m 8 21 1959 Willard Ferguson b 8 23 1937
Dean Thornburg Ferguson
b 6 2 1961

Larry Sheldon Thornburg
b 1 9 1940 Liberal Kansas
m 6 18 1960 Esther Louthan b 12 25 1939
Joy Lynn Thornburg
b 6 15 1962 Hays, Kansas
Kathleen Kay Thornburg
b 4 17 1950 Independence, Kansas

Audrey Pauline Thornburg
b 1 14 1917 Huntington Park, California
m 8 11 1935 Eldon Gordon b 5 16 1910

Carl Dean Gordon
b 3 13 1938 Lawrence, Kansas
m 8 8 1958 Claudia Thomas b 12 6 1938
Carrie Belinda Gordon
b 9 3 1960 Wichita, Kansas

Gloria Ann Gordon
b 10 12 1941 Lawrence, Kansas
Glenn Lee Gordon
b 3 23 1944 Gardner, Kansas
Lois Elaine Gordon
b 8 28 1951 Gardner, Kansas

Hubert Laverne Thornburg
b 6 20 1921
m 4 25 1941 Vivian Hickman b 6 9 1922 Las Animas, Colo.
Karen Sue Thornburg
b 1 30 1943 Biloxi, Miss.
Kent Leroy Thornburg
b 7 11 1945 Brownsville, Texas
Stanley La Verne Thornburg
b 10 19 1947 Liberal, Kansas
Cleta Vee Thornburg
b 6 25 1950 Newberg, Oregon

Herschel Leland Thornburg
b 2 16 1923 Hugoton, Kansas
m 6 21 1942 Esther Davis b 9 7 1922

Anne Marie Thornburg
b 6 27 1944 Salem, Oregon
Robert Leroy Thornburg
b 7 19 1947 Salem, Oregon
Lonnie Lee Thornburg
b 9 3 1958 Friendswood, Texas

Paul Eugene Thornburg
b 7 31 1926 Mooresville, Indiana
m 5 27 1947 Leona Harris b 5 6 1927

Phillip Bryan Thornburg
b 11 11 1951 Greensburg, Kansas
Randall Paul Thornburg
b 12 15 1952 Greensburg, Kansas
Miriam Elaine Thornburg
b 10 4 1955 Kivimba, Kitega, Urundi,
Congo Belge, Africa
Kenneth Lynn Thornburg
b 5 1 1960 Kivimba, Kitega, Urundi
Congo Belge, Africa

Elda Ann Thornburg
b 2 22 1938 Lipscomb, Texas
m 6 12 1959 Sheldon Cox b 4 26 1938

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